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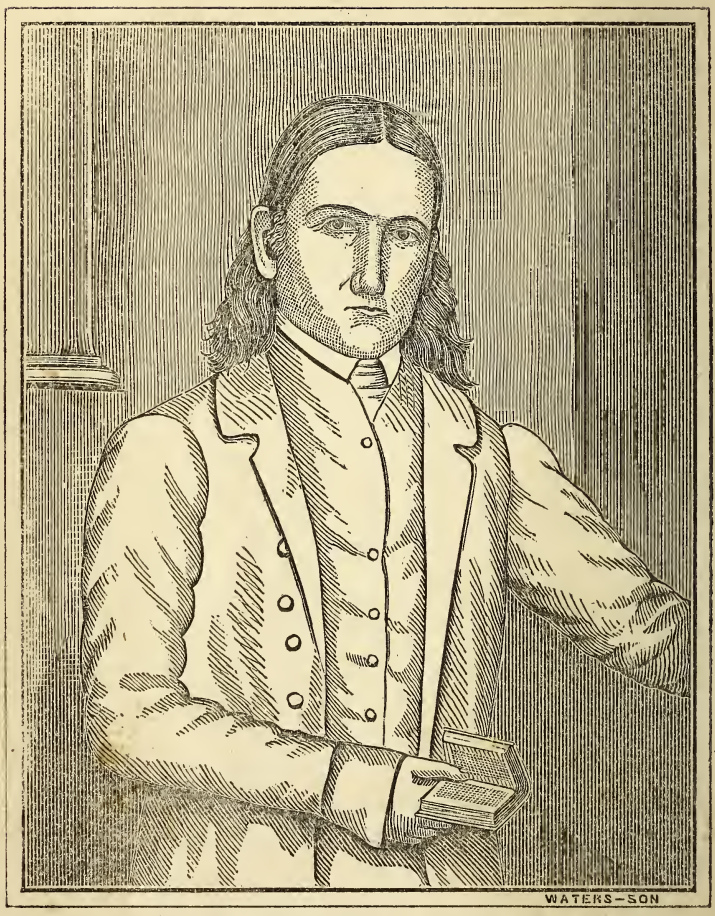

THE WHITE PILGRIM.

THE

LIFE, TRAVELS, AND GOSPEL LABORS

OF

ELD JOSEPH THOMAS,

MORE WIDELY KNOWN AS THE

"White Pilgrim;"

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

HIS POEMS:

RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SATIRICAL.

NEW YORK:
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PREFACE.

There are several reasons why we offer to the public, in the present form, The Life and Poems of Joseph Thomas; better known as "The White Pilrim." First, we think it will be received with favor, and be useful to the candid reader. It breathes of the spirit of firm reliance upon God and exhibits the workings and prompt decisions of a faithful, honest conscience, acting up to its convictions of duty, and receiving as a reward, blessings appropriately bestowed upon a faithful, christian man. It will unquestionably aid the honest, earnest seeker to know and do his duty to God and man, under the full conviction that he will in no wise lose his reward.

Secondly, It will tend to settle questions which seem to have bewildered many minds. Who was the White Pilgrim? Where did he hail from religiously? When was he born? When and where did he die?

The publisher has heard him claimed to be an old Negro, Methodist-Episcopal preacher. He has also in possession a book published not many years since, containing a piece of poetry, found in this work, composed by Rev. JOHN ELLIS, of Dayton, Ohio, on visiting his grave, which is claimed to have been handed down from an old Indian tragedy, commencing with the line:

"I came to the spot where the Whi e Pilgrim lay."

The publisher does not claim for it great literary or poetical merit, and yet some of the scintillations of his poetical genius are seldom surpassed.

With the hope that this little volume may serve the cause of truth, it is dedicated to the candid public by the

PUBLISHER.

LIFE, TRAVELS, &C.

OF

JOSEPH THOMAS.

I, Joseph Thomas, was born in North Carolina, Orange county, March the 7th, 1791. My parents were natives of Pennsylvania, who in an early period of their lives, soon after being wedded together, emigrated to the place where I was born. Being among the first of the settlers who penetrated the uncultivated wild of that part of the country, they soon found that *frugality* and *industry* were indispensable to their subsistence; consequently became innured to the common hardships of a laboring life, by which they shortly obtained a comfortable competency. Not many years rolled away, till they found themselves possessed of a considerable share of honest wealth, surrounded with several children—sons

and daughters. The *Revolutionary* war came on which spread devastation and death over that section of country. The British, commanded by Lord Cornwallis, plundered and devoured the last remains of my father's property, excepting his land.

After this war, my parents, by their industry, repaired their wasted fortune, and obtained the second time, a sufficient living. But alas! the day of prosperity soon passed away, and was succeeded by the storms of adversity, affliction and distress. The property they had accumulated, by a change of times, with a course of intemperance, on my father's part, was spent, scattered and entirely wasted! By this time, they had nine living children, seven sons and two daughters, the most of whom were grown men and women, but myself, being the youngest child.

The first seven years of my life, I had the guardian care of a dear father and the affectionate attention of a fond mother, in which home I was taught to read, write and cypher. In the year 1798, hard necessity compelled that I should be separated from my parents, and from my once peaceful home! My abode was now appointed me in a strange, inhospitable and cruel family! It was stipulated, that, while there, I should go to

school; but my ungenerous host evaded this, and engrossed my time entirely to his own purposes. At this unfriendly place, I dwelt almost two years, and every leisure hour, I employed myself in reading the books my father had given me, among which my favorites were the *Economy of Human Life* and the *New Testament*.

At this place I was cruelly treated, suffering the extremes of hunger and cold, &c., &c. Here I often bewailed my parents' misfortunes, and the loss of my former home, and learned by hard necessity, the distressing condition of many helpless children, who are constrained from their parents, to dwell among unfeeling strangers. During this period I thought about dying, and much about eternity, which, with my natural disposition, caused me to be more solemn and melancholy, than boys at that age commonly are.

When I was about nine years old, one of my brothers (who was then a married man) living in Grayson county, Virginia, came and took me away from this cruel and inhospitable place, and I cheerfully went home with him, about 150 miles from the place of my nativity. Being now, more than before, among strangers, I continued to feel melancholy, and as an orphan cast upon the mercy of a friendless world. I had no one to look to for

protection, advice, or for sustenance but my brother. He was kind to me and soon engaged me to a school, near his abode, to which I went some months and made a pleasing proficiency in reading, writing and arithmetic.

In December 1801, when I was nearly ten years old, I was taken with the *White Swelling* in my left knee, and was soon unable to walk, or to stand upon my feet during the space of eighteen months. In this time I felt the most excrutiating pain that humanity is capable of supporting. It was long anticipated from day to day, by myself and those who saw me, that my agonies and affliction, would soon terminate in death. Once, while lying helpless on my bed, my brother being absent, my sister-in-law found occasion to leave home. Previous to her going, she carried in some dry fuel and laid it in the chimney place, between the fire and chimney side. In a short time after her departure, the fuel caught fire and conveyed it to the wood of which the chimney was composed, and were soon kindled into a furious blaze, roaring up the chimney and gathering into the logs on that part of the house. Lying with my face towards the fire, I apprehended the danger, but was utterly unable to move out of the place. My thoughts and feelings on this occasion were inexpressible,

for death, to all appearance, was inevitable. I tried, but tried in vain to escape from my bed, and found no alternative but to resign myself to the mercy of God, and to the devouring element. The fire increased until one side of the chimney was burnt through and the end logs of the house considerably kindled. But what was astonishing and pleasing to me by the time I thought the blaze would be kindling in the roof, it descended the chimney and presently subsided. And yet the more was I convinced of the interposition of divine goodness, when in a few hours the fire became entirely extinguished! This I thought was the "Lord's doings and marvelous in my eyes." From this singular deliverance, (as I esteemed it) I received an impression, that God would preserve me, and not let me die with my present complaint.

While in this affliction, the misdemeanors and sins of my former days came into review, and I felt the compunctions of a guilty conscience. I sincerely regretted my sins and promised a better course of life, if I should be spared. I found comfort in the gospel promises and believed I was prepared to die.

In the month of March 1802, after being confined near eighteen months to my bed, in which time one of the bones of my leg was taken out,

with the loss of many small pieces. I was again able to stand on my feet, and to walk by the aid of crutches. Not long after this till I could walk without their assistance! I now viewed myself as a miracle of God's almighty goodness—as a stranger upon the stage of action, and as one who had just come from the regions of the grave and shadow of death!!

Not long after being restored to my feet, till I lost sight of the goodness of God, forgot the solemn promises I had made to him, and again began to wander in the forbidden paths of youthful folly and sin. In a few weeks I was taken with a complaint similar to that with which I was so severely afflicted in my leg, in my opposite thigh bone, and was soon unable to walk. In this attack, I was again severely afflicted, and for some months confined to my bed, and it was now thought I never would walk any more. I again renewed my promises and besought the Lord to have mercy on me. In a few months, beyond the most sanguine expectations, I was enabled, the second time, to rise and walk, and was looked upon as a wonder, while I was seen running and playing with my former associates!

Early in the year 1803, I was removed to Montgomery (now Giles) county, Virginia, to

take my residence with a brother who at that time, kept Batchelor's Hall. He was then a frolicksome young man, and the people, old and young about that place, generally were uncivil and wicked. I was, of course, insensibly drawn from the paths of morality and religion, and too often constrained to imitate some of the practices predominant around me.

In the latter end of the same year, I was removed to neighbor Andrew Johnston's, on New river, in the same county, as a boarder to go to school. In this man I found a friend, and the first moral preceptor I had met with. I have since always remembered him with gratitude and affection, for the moral and wholesome instructions which he gave me, during my stay with him. My teacher also became partial and particularly attentive to me. I took the best advantage, and made the wisest improvement from the instructions of these men, that I could. Here I dwelt about one year, in which time I found myself far advanced in arithmetic, considerably so in mathemathics, geography, &c. When my time expired here, Mr. Johnston would receive nothing for my boarding, nor the teacher for my tuition. During this term, I had many serious reflections and often refused to play at school, from the solemn im-

pressions, sometimes made on my mind. I had a New Testament which I carried with me, which, in all my leisure hours, I read with great pleasure, and became particularly fond of those places that spake of the blessed Jesus, the Saviour of the world, and of the miracles and wonderful works which he wrought among men. My mind was often seriously exercised, and I frequently dreamed of attending the sermons and the travels of the Saviour, where thousands were congregated. I often imagined, in my sleeping hours, that I was preaching the gospel to hundreds and thousands, in different parts of the world!!

In November 1804, I left my benefactor, my teacher and my youthful acquaintances, and went to Grayson county again, and in the neighborhood where I had been so much afflicted. I hired myself to my brother's father-in-law, the term of one year, for ninety dollars. One third of this time I taught school, and the balance I worked upon the farm. Religion was scarcely named by any person about here in those days. Vice and irreligion prevailed. I heard one sermon in this time, which was the first religious meeting I had been at since I left Carolina. The discourse awakened and encouraged me to pray. Lorenzo Dow came through the country about this time, and caused

the people to talk something about religion. I read his chain, which had a serious and lasting impression on my mind. I felt condemned before God. Guilt hung heavy on my soul, and I again more frequently resorted to prayer. But I felt no relief from the convictions and anguish of a broken spirit.

In October 1805, my engagement being fulfilled with the man I lived with, I received my wages, and went on to Carolina, to see my mother and other relations I had living there. My aged mother rejoiced to see me, after the absence of five years, and that God had preserved me through all the afflictions and necessities that had befallen me. There was a great revival of religion about here at this time. Preaching and prayer meetings were frequent. I attended some of them, and felt pleased to hear the name of God praised, though I could not experimentally join the glad song. After a few weeks I left my mother and other weeping friends, and returned to Grayson county in Virginia again. On my way, my heart was almost drowned with sorrow. I felt that I had no home, and that I was destitute of the salvation of my soul, which I desired above anything on earth.

In Grayson I hired with my brother, with whom

I had formerly lived, the term of three months. Here my distress of mind increased, and I was soon convinced that my soul was in too much danger of being lost, if I continued long in so wicked a place. I resolved that when my time was out, I would leave this part of the country.

In March 1806, I went to Carolina again, the place of my nativity, and commenced living with my brother James and my mother, who lived together. I now went frequently to meeting, and read much in the Scriptures. My former convictions became more pungent and my sins rose more conspicuous to my view. This was in the time of the celebrated revival, when it was no strange thing to hear many, old and young, profess religion, and to see them engage in the unaccountable exercises of shouting, dancing, hallowing, jumping, laughing, &c. &c.

There was a great Union meeting, (by some called Camp meeting) appointed to be holden near where I lived, in October 1806. I looked forward to this meeting with pleasing expectations, and strongly hoped that at it I might find the pearl of great price, the salvation of my soul. At this meeting, preachers and people of different denominations met. On the first day of meeting, I went early to the place, where by seeing the

numerous tents and wagons already arranged on the ground, and the crowds of people pressing from every direction, my mind was solemnized and penetential tears stole from my eyes.

The first sermon was delivered by a traveling man, then immediately from Georgia, who professed to belong to no party, but to the Church of Christ in general. His text and sermon were concerning Naaman, the leper, who was commanded to dip himself seven times in the river Jordan.

In his description of Naaman, I thought some person had told him my feelings and my character. I thought the most he said was aimed at, and intended for me. Near the conclusion of his sermon, many had fallen to the earth around me, crying for mercy, and I fell among them. I sent for the preacher to come and pray for me. Many prayers were offered for me, but alas, my heart was too unbelieving to receive the blessing I had so long sought, and without which, I was now sensible I would be miserable and utterly lost.

The exercises of my mind during this meeting, were various and sometimes inexpressible. At times I felt some consolation, and almost concluded that I was redeemed from my sins, by the blood of Christ. At other times, my heart would

so fill with unbelief, that I would almost conclude there was no mercy nor salvation for such a wretch as I.

As the following occurrence, which took place during this meeting, was so very singular, and made an impression which is not yet eradicated from my mind, I will here relate it. Being tired and sleepy, one night I lay down in a tent, and while I slept, I imagined I saw a very aged and grave man stand at the door of the tent, and heard him call to me; I answered (methought) and asked him who he was? He said, "I am Isaiah, the Prophet." Upon which he said to me, "rise up and I will give you something which came from heaven." I obeyed. He then showed me a piece of wood, near the size and shape of a small man, and it seemed deeply stained all over with blood, and said, you have a long journey to travel which you must shortly commence, and you must carry this all the way with you. He then held a small loaf of bread in his hand, and said, "you must take this loaf, and when you get weary and faint, eat of it. This loaf will last you about *forty-eight years and six months*, about which time, for the sake of what you carry, strangers shall kill you." He then handed them to me, and told me to receive them as the gifts of God.

I took the wood and stood it by me, and received the bread in my hand. I ate a small portion of it, and immediately I felt it strengthen, cheer and animate me in every part, and I became so happy I could not forbear leaping, praising and thanking God. My agitation awoke me. I felt happy, and thought for a moment, that God had sent a heavenly visitant to feed me upon the bread of life, and had converted my soul while I slept. But my comfort shortly fled, unbelief again beclouded my mind, and I went to the stand where the preachers were, and requested them to pray for me. But I could not feel my soul fully relieved from doubts and sorrow.

On the eighth day from the commencement of this meeting, it drew to a close. During this time, the love of God was manifested in the union of his children of different professions, in the conviction of many others who left the ground seeking the Lord. I left the ground solemn and mournful, not fully believing I had yet obtained the forgiveness of my sins. After this meeting, I continued to seek the Saviour, by constantly attending meetings, by private prayer, and by an attentive reading of the Scriptures. I was for some time tossed to and fro in my mind, sometimes almost sunk in despair, burdened with grief and sorrow,

and at other times felt glad that the Lord had showed me so much mercy. For some months the exercises of my mind, were so conflicting and distressing, that my flesh reduced almost to a skeleton; and I could enjoy but little comfort in anything on earth.

On the 7th of May, 1807, early in the morning, having spent the night previous, in groans and tears, I arose and sought a private place in a distant wood, where I often had resorted, determining if there was yet mercy with God for me, I would wrestle with him in prayer, till I would find deliverance from the intolerable burden that pressed my sorrowful soul. I found the place I sought, and sometime after sunrise, I found the Lord Jesus. The love of God was shed abroad in my heart—I found the blessing I had so long sought, and for which I had shed so many tears, and uttered so many groans. O! the glory, the transporting joys that filled my soul! Had I the wings of an eagle, and the voice of a trumpet, I would have declared to the whole world, the wonders God had wrought on my soul. The joys of that day were unutterable and never to be forgotten.

Immediately when I experienced this change, a manifestation of equal plainness was made to my

mind, that I should follow Jesus in the ordinance of baptism, by immersion, as a public testimony of my faith in him, and of my hope in the resurrection of the body to eternal life. It was also made plain to me at the same time, that I should have to preach the gospel, and not only to those who are nigh, but also to those afar off. Some days I enjoyed uninterrupted peace and great tranquillity of soul.

Not long till my mind became exercised on the subject of connecting myself to some religious denomination. To be suited in this matter, I was involved in deep concern and deliberation, as I found it difficult to determine for the best. It was now evidently my duty, when I presented myself as a petitioner to a church for membership, I should also offer myself a candidate for the ministry of the gospel. I had been made acquainted with the principal doctrines, and with the church government of the Presbyterians, the Methodists, the Calvinists and Freewill Baptists. The Presbyterian or the Baptist church would have suited me in point of their government; but their doctrine, to my mind, so evidently apposed the doctrines of the Scriptures, and the whole course of my experience, that I thought it unnecessary to offer myself to either. The most of the important

points of the Methodist doctrine, seemed to accord with my faith; but their government appeared to me, to be so evidently contrary to that of the primitive church of Christ, and such as I thought would abridge that liberty which the Lord had just given me, I could not, in conscience, offer myself to them. I conversed with a Free-will Baptist preacher, concerning his doctrine, government, &c. I shortly found some things in the way, and such that prevented my joining in membership with him. I then requested him to baptize me by immersion, but he would not, unless I would join his faith and order. This was a source of grief to my soul, as I already began to discover this difficulty, that I would either have to sacrifice my conscience and my faith, or, as I thought, stand alone and be opposed by the surrounding sects.

About this time I heard of a people who called themselves *Christians*, and who professed to *take the Scriptures for their rule of faith and practice.* I was informed where one of their preachers lived. I went to see him, to get information on this subject, which at this time gave me great concern.

He informed me that they, as a people, regarded the *Scriptures as the only rule of faith and prac-*

tice; that they held open and free communion with all christians; that they owned no name but CHRISTIAN—that there were no Popes, Bishops, nor Presiding Elders among them; and that they were all alike amenable to each other, and had an equal voice in all matters that concerned the church. I rejoiced to hear of such a people, for this seemed to be the plan most favorable to christian liberty, and the most similar to that church established under the Apostles. I then told him of the exercises of my mind concerning the ministry. He encouraged me, and informed me where I might see a number of those preachers at a meeting, to be holden at Raleigh, N. Carolina, about fifty miles distant, to whom he thought I had better present myself as a candidate for the ministry. Shortly after this, I presented myself to the church, of which this man (B. Rainey) was pastor, for membership amongst them. They received me as a member, and gave me license as an exhorter. I now began to close up my little worldly concerns, and prepare for an itinerant life in the gospel. I exercised in exhortation frequently through the neighborhood, but my efforts were weak and much ridiculed by many who heard me. Many excuses and difficulties I brought forward to exonerate myself from

the arduous and important task that imposed on me. But nothing less than a compliance, promised any relief to my troubled mind. My mother, relations, and the most of those who conversed on the subject, rigidly opposed the undertaking. And had I not been strongly convinced, that the spirit of the Lord inspired and moved me to the work, I would not have assumed a calling for which I thought myself so little qualified. I counted the cost—I determined to obey God, rather than be intimidated by man, or overcome by inferior obstacles.

I now surrendered all pretensions to the advantages of this world, and to the gratification of carnal appetites. I bade farwell to ease, to the hopes of honor, to the popularity, and to the friendship of a gain-saying generation, and freely sacrificed them all upon the cross of Christ, resolving to follow the footsteps of Jesus, whom I now took to be my only friend. I considered myself starting on a mission, the most important ever engaged in by man, and on a pursuit which was to occupy my constant and assiduous attention, during the remainder of my days.

The 19th day of October 1807, when I was sixteen years and about nine months old, I bade farewell to my mother, my relations, and to a sneer-

ing world, and started for the meeting in Raleigh, and thence to people and lands unknown. In going six miles I was upon strange ground! I traveled fourteen miles, and tarried all night with an old christian preacher, Elder Debruler, who I soon learned was going to the same meeting. Next morning we went on about thirty miles into the neghborhood of Raleigh, and held meeting. Here I was called upon to speak. The cross was great—I spake but little and closed with mortified and discouraged feelings. I soon retired and spent the most of the afternoon in prayer, meditation, and reading.

Friday 22d, we went on to Raleigh, where I was introduced to a family with whom I was received during the meeting. At 12 o'clock preaching commenced. Here were James O'Kelly, and William Guiry, the most eminent and popular of that church in the Southern regions. During this meeting, I opened my mind to J. O'Kelly on the subject of baptism, and desired him to immerse me. But in explaining the nature and use of baptism to me, he made it mean pouring. I believed from his age, experience and abilities of mind, he must be right, and on the Sabbath day of the meeting, I was baptized (as we then called it) in that way. I was received by the preachers,

as one licensed to make trial of my ministerial abilities. Here were four candidates, young men, besides myself, presented themselves at this meeting for the ministry. All were received, and each was appointed to travel and labor with an Elder, till the next union meeting, which was to convene in six months.

I was appointed to travel with J. Warren, on James' river and some of the lower counties of Virginia. Before I left Raleigh I was ridiculed and insulted by a Methodist preacher, whom I took to be a Deist, until I was informed otherwise. By this I found, that not only the non-professor but sectarians, whose policy and craft I did not promote, would oppose and endeavor to hinder my progress in the cause I had espoused.

From this meeting I started in company with my intended preceptor and benefactor, and two other preachers; and we traveled together four days. We held several meetings, and I being called on to officiate, either if I refused or complied, I felt confounded and ashamed, and was soon convinced that the preachers were of opinion my inability would disparage and injure the cause I wished to support. I now was upwards of two hundred miles from home, a stranger in a strange part of the world, having no friend to assist, en-

courage or strengthen me in the glorious cause I had espoused.

Friday, 29th October, I and the man I was to travel with, parted from the other preachers, and fell upon a long chain of appointments which had been previously given out for him. I soon found my companion was an irritable, illiterate man; and so little acquainted with human nature, that he knew not how to make proper allowance for inexperience and youth. Believing I could not perform as an acceptable preacher, he became tired of me, and frequently advised me to give up the task and go home. He often tried to offend and mortify me in private, and in company. One day while speaking, I observed I considered myself as a lamb sent out among wolves, &c. At this a man in the congregation took offence—rose up and commanded me to hush, and with an angry countenance, coming forward, seemed determined, as he said, if I did not hush to pull me down. Some of the people interfered, and the congregation were generally disturbed. The preacher told me, he thought this was an evidence that I was doing harm and ought to quit. But I told him I took this as a trial for my faith, and not as an evidence that I was not called to the ministry.

We traveled on through Mecklinburgh, Lunen-

burgh, Prince George, Prince Edward, Queen Ann, Henrico, Chesterfield and Amelia counties in Virginia, in which time the trials, temptations and difficulties of my mind, were inexpressible. By this time, I plainly discovered the preacher felt little concern for my interest, or solicitude for my success. Hearing of another christian preacher by the name of Thomas Reeves, and he being recommended as a more suitable man for me to travel with, I resolved, though he was upwards of an hundred miles from me, I would go and see him.

In December I bid adieu to the old preacher, who had been a source of grief to me, and started on by myself through a strange part of country, and in six days I found T. Reeves in Surry county, Va. I introduced myself to him, as one of the weakest laborers in the vineyard of our Lord. I soon found him of open, free and liberal mind —kind and affectionate in his disposition. He received me to travel with him, and promised to lend me all the aid and support he could afford.

We went on, and for many days held meetings once, sometimes twice every day. My timidity, which had been a great obstacle in the way of my speaking, now began to wear off, and I felt a little more liberty, but was yet so weak and unpopular,

that the most of the brethren advised brother Reeves to dismiss and send me home. But he thought I ought to make a longer trial, and frequently exhorted me to application, diligence and perseverance, and if I would be faithful, he had no doubt but that God would make me an instrument of much good.

About Christmas, we were some miles below Norfolk, and went to brother Rice Haggard's, a christian preacher. I found him to be of strong intellect, and of profound piety. He exhorted me to be faithful, and the Lord would make me useful. I loved him and received with joy his counsels.

We turned our course and went up the country again—passing through Norfolk, Portsmouth, Suffolk, the Isle of Wight county, Surry and Southampton. Here we came to old brother B. Barrett's, (a christian preacher.) Here the work of the Lord revived. Brother Barrett gave me good counsel, and by his affectionate conversation, I was much consoled, strengthened and encouraged. Our travels were bounded in form of a circuit, which we performed in four or five weeks. Every round turned up new trials, temptations and scenes. The many lonesome and disconsolate feelings, that revolved in my mind, could be but

faintly painted by the most vivid imagination.

About the fourth time, in going round our appointments, it was frequently observed to my companion, what proficiency, what unparalleled improvement I had made! I now began to find the attention and kindness of the people, drawn towards me, which taught me something more of human nature. I now learned, when a person could not help himself, and was in essential need of a friend, he seldom found one, and when he could do without friends, he generally could find them plenty under that name.

In April, 1808, brother Reeves left me, and started for Tennessee. I continued on the circuit, till the last of May, and saw that the Lord had revived his work in many places, and souls were converted.

In the last of May, I left this part of the country, and directed my way for my native place in N. Carolina. During this time, I had expended the amount of my funds I had started with, which was $40; but at the time I was starting for Carolina, a man put five dollars in my hand, which I regarded as an instance of God's goodness to me. In June, I preached to a large congregation, on the old camp ground, where I had received my convictions. Many who came to laugh at

me, as they had done before, were constrained to weep, and many of the professors rejoiced and gave praise to God. I held several meetings in the neighborhood, and saw the tears of the mourner, and heard the shouts of happy christians.

In the latter part of June, I bade adieu to my mother and brother, whose eyes were now filled with tears, and started to travel on a route assigned me, in the higher parts of Virginia. In five days I reached my circuit, at Major Ward's, on Staunton river, Campbell county, Virginia. In this journey I was, while preaching, insulted with scurrillous language, at Pittsylvania Court House, and at Ward's springs. From Major Wood's, I went to New London. Thence on Sunday, I preached at a place called the Tabernacle. Here a Methodist preacher encountered me. He said, he could not see for his part, how any person could be so blinded, as to pretend to go about the country preaching, and be connected with no society, and bound by no discipline! I replied that I belonged formally to the people, who professed as much religion as he seemed to have, and that I had that book, the Bible, for my discipline; whence all creed-makers, pretended to derive their authority for their disciplines, and if theirs were good, of course mine must be much better.

My circuit included Campbell, Bedford, Amherst, Nelson, Buckingham, Prince Edward and Charlotte counties. From Tabernacle, I went on and crossed James and Tie rivers, and came in among the hills and spurs of the south side of the Blue Ridge mountain. Here many of the people appeared to be rude, uncultivated, and apparently hardened in sins. But the Lord gave my words access to some of their hearts—some professed religion under my ministration, in those regions. The country is truly picturesque in the summer season, exhibiting in rich variety, the features of sublime and awful solitude, and the fascinating charms of rural scenery. At Stony point meeting house, I held meeting, where a revival commenced; several souls were professedly brought to the knowledge of the truth, and added to the church, and many of the brethren were comforted and built up in the faith of the gospel.

I now obtained the name of the *boy preacher*, and from motives of curiosity, &c., my congregations were generally large, and it pleased the Lord frequently to attend my discourse with the energy of his holy spirit, to many of their hearts. In Charlotte county, a Methodist preacher undertook to give me a little drubbing, in public, by telling the congregation I was one of the *tail end*

of the Methodists—an *O'Kellyite*, and the people should be aware of such renegadoes, &c. I observed, the Methodists as a body, had not only *one* head, but *three*, which made it a monster; but that I had not until then, considered upon its having a tail, but according to him it had one. But I thought he was mistaken about its having dropt from the body, for it had just struck me, that as every member of the body is included between the *head* and the *tail*, the Bishops must be the head, and the class leaders the tail of the Methodist church; and that it yet cleaves to the body, and as related to me I truly never made any part of this apparatus. And as respected being an O'Kellyite, I was no more one, than he was an Asburyite, and I could not see why the one should not be as respectable as the other.

Not long after this a Baptist preacher of great celebrity, and rhetorical powers, tried his skill in a congregation against me, and after ridiculing my rotten Armenian, Mushroom doctrine, observed to me, I ought to go home, and stay there till I had read and studied Dr. Gill's Body of Divinity. I informed him that I had read Dr. Gill, and had found the dry bones and skeleton of a body, but could find no meat nor nourishment on it, to feed my soul.

In Charlotte county, on Big Fallen, I preached in a neighborhood where a revival commenced. Several professed faith in Christ, and many were awakened to a sense of their sins. Some were taken with the exercise of the *jerks*, which was a new and strange thing to the people, and the first instance of the kind I had seen in Virginia.

Thence I preached in Campbell Court House, and again at Major Ward's. In this route, I included upwards of two hundred miles, and attended about thirty-five preaching places.

In October, I left the South, and went over on the north side of the Blue Ridge. On Craig's creek, I preached several times to weeping congregations. Thence I went over a high mountain, and preached several times on the sources of Sinking creek, where I constituted a church, under the Christian name. Here at old brother Peck's, a Methodist preacher opposed me in public, and declared that the Scripture was not a sufficient rule to govern the church, as I had said, unless it had *eyes to see and a mouth to speak, &c.* The people became offended at his spleen, and abruptly dismisssd themselves. Thence I made for Raleigh, in N. Carolina, to a Union meeting. In my journey, I passed through Fincastle, Liberty, New London, Major Ward's, Pittsylvania Court

House, Danville, Casewell Court House, Hillsborough, and arrived in Raleigh on the second day of the meeting. On my way, in the solitary pine-deserts, lying between Pittsylvania Court House and Danville, I lost my way, and was under the necessity of tying my horse to a bush, and I took my lodgings by the side of an old tree, for the night. This was a time and a place for poetical fancy, and christian meditation!

In Raleigh, I met with many preachers, collected from different quarters, and all seemed united in the glorious cause of christian liberty, and in the free communion of the children of God. The meeting lasted four days, in which time, several were converted and added to the church.

On Tuesday, I left Raleigh, and went on in the company of B. Raney, for Haw river, my native place, and tarried all night with the pious James O'Kelly. This man as a christian, as an orator, as a reformer, as the father of the Christian Society, (so called) and as a man of strong mental abilities, needs not the eulogiums and the panegyric of my pen, to recommend him. This was an instructive and happy night to me.

In two days from this place, I arrived at my mother's. I preached several times to attentive

and weeping assemblies among my old acquaintances. I then, by request, met with the Presbyterians at their sacrimental occasions, at Hawfields, Enon, Cross roads, &c. At these meetings the great work of the Lord was marvelous among the people. Here I found the Presbyterians were as noisy and seemed to have as much religion, as any people I had seen.

In November, I started westwardly, and preached at Big Buffallo, Guilford Court House, &c., and on the Little Yadkin; at widow David's, &c. I crossed the Blue Ridge at Flour Gap. Here I had the most extensive and delightful prospect of creation, I ever had. Around me the tremenduous spurs of the mountain, projected their lofty heads, and with frowning majesty seemed to overlook the clouds! Thence I could see the distant hills and little mountains thrown, as it were, by a careless hand, yet in beauteous order, over distant lands below!! Numerous farms, with many rural and picturesque scenes, rose into review, watered by purling rills and gurgling brooks, while distant Yadkin rolled along. Yonder stands Arrarat, or the Pilate mountain, about forty miles distant, rising like an awful pyramid, crowned as with a turret, of three hundred feet in perpendicular height, on the lofty mountain's top!

I went on to my brother Moses' on Chestnut creek, in Grayson county, Va., with whom I lived in the days of my affliction. I now commenced preaching to those who had seen me while I lay tortured, as many thought, on the gloomy borders of death! Religion was yet little known among these people. It pleased the Lord to awaken a number to a sense of their need of a Saviour, while I taught them the way of life. From this time, a revival began in those regions.

In December, I bade adieu to my brother and family, and went into Wythe county, and preached at Newel's lead works, on New river. Thence I turned my course to the route, I had been traveling the summer preceding. The weather was now excessively cold, and I was but thinly clad. I crossed Little and Big Reed Islands, bold and rapid mountain streams. In the latter, my horse stumbled and wet me. My clothes soon became frozen, and to keep my feet from freezing, I drew my stockings, and walked with dry leaves in my shoes. The country was thinly settled, and I had no opportunity of eating or warming, till some time in the night. In three days I came again to one of my old homes, in Bedford county, and felt glad and thankful to God for his mercies, and for his preserving care towards me.

I now went on preaching, on the route I had traveled the summer previous, with unremitted zeal, exposures of body, fatiguing labors, and with an intense application to reading and study.

Some time in January, 1809, while traveling, night overtook me north of New London. It was dark and rainy. The top of a tree fell in the road so near me, that a limb struck me and so badly wounded me, that I had to sit some time by the road side before I was able to ride. About 9 o'clock, I came to brother Wright's, and felt thankful to God that I was alive. My reflections this night, on the goodness of God, were comforting to my soul. In some places the work of the Lord prospered, and I felt encouraged and thankful that I was made an instrument of doing good to the souls of men.

January 28th, I had to cross James' river to reach my appointment. The ford, I found was difficult and dangerous, as there was much ice in the way. In places the ice would bear my horse, and in some places it would break through the ice. In the splashing of the water, I became mostly wet and my clothes were soon stiffly frozen. Sometimes the ice forced me out of the ford, into almost swimming water, and I nearly despaired of reaching the shore! However, I

arrived on the bank, and found my path to ascend sidelong a tremendous hill, mostly glazed over with solid ice! I pulled off my shoes, and drew myself along by bushes, thinking and fearing every moment my horse and myself would fall from the awful verge, into the river below! But thanks to my great Preserver, I ascended safely, but through great peril, while my bones ached with cold, and my clothes rattled with ice. I went to my appointment, being almost frozen, and preached to a people who gladly heard the word.

I now found that persecution and popularity had united to toss my name abroad. I found them to equiponderate in the scale of my reflection, to my advantage. So that by the one, I was not abjectly depressed, nor by the other, elevated in my own estimation, beyond the moderation of the christian character. My constant prayer was, to be delivered from the pride of the human heart. O! (thought I) when shall these towering notions, these worldly thoughts, this love of applause, this vexation at persecution cease. O! when shall I be resigned to all circumstances, and be contended in the varying situations of this fluctuating scene of life! O, when shall I gain that holy courage, that divine and undaunted disposition of

soul to stand firm and unshaken—that heavenly zeal to persevere, when derision, persecution and slander, with their thousand tongues, burst forth in united clamors, to sink me down in shame. O! for that meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price; that I may feel humble and thankful in prosperity, and patiently resigned in adversity and affliction.

In March I crossed the mountains, and went again to Craig's creek, Bottetourt county, through much snow, ice and cold, and piercing wind. In this visit I found that the Methodists who had formerly manifested friendship to me, had turned to be my enemies and persecutors, and were now as cold and barren to me, as the mountains they inhabited. They debarred me from preaching in their public and private houses, but their opposition only seemed to increase my congregations, and open my way among the people. While preaching here, the Lord touched the hearts of some of the wicked and brought them to the knowledge of the truth. Truly did the wilderness turn to a fruitful field, and the desert blossom as the rose. Here I had an additional proof of the changeable and uncertain nature of Sectarian friendship. I was taught never to trust in Sec-

tarian love, further than I saw it, nor to confide in their pretended attachments, longer than I was with them.

From this place I returned to my appointments whence I came, and found in some places religion reviving and souls were converted, and in some places the people seemed careless and unfeeling, and I apparently was of little use to them.

April 10th, I attended at Chany Chapel with John Robinson and others, who professed to be Republican Methodists. I preached and communed with them. I believed in their religion, and felt sweetly united with them in christian love; but I did not believe in their little discipline and confession of faith, which seemed to have been borrowed from the Methodists and Presbyterians. Nor did I believe in their name, as I thought it more properly belonged to the Beast, than to them.

The vernal season, with all her reviving and blooming charms, now began to expand her blushing beauties round. The cold north winds cease to blow, and the white mantling snows are melted. The rising summits of the distant hills, and the fertile vales that lie between, now display their gay and living verdure. The birds flutter and sing, and fill the green woods with their

melodious song. O! thought I, when, in like manner, will the storms of persecution, contentions and oppositions, that chill the christian world, cease to blow. When shall the wide spreading and darkning clouds of anti-christian errors, be dissipated, and leave our christian horizon to pour the illuminating rays of divine light upon the intellectual world. When will this long raining and hard freezing winter roll away, to usher in the charming and delightful spring. When christians of every sect, like birds of every name, shall rise, revive and sing a universal song of victory, over the beast, and over his image. and over his mark, and over the number of his name!

From this place I attended at several places, where I saw some good was done; but at one place I had a severe trial. A drunken man made an interruption in the congregation, by calling me a d——d fool, liar, hypocrite, &c., threatening to beat my d——d brains out. He was taken out of the house, and the doors shut against him; and after throwing some stones against the wall and on the roof, he went away.

Within a few weeks past, I have seen many evidences of the divine favor, in the conversion of sinners, and some partial appearances of that

union and peace, which shall one day consolidate and harmonize all God's people. My soul has been enraptured in contemplating the glories of that happy day, when Anti-Christ shall be destroyed, and when Jesus shall be King in all the earth, and his name one.

May 15th, I held a two day's meeting at brother Sledd's (a preacher) near the Blue Ridge. We held a commuion, and the Lord blessed us, and gave us a refreshing time.

From this place, accompanied by brother Sledd, I started to a union meeting, to be holden at Shilow meeting house, in Halifax county, Va. On our way we held meeting at Major Ward's to a large assembly. At this place, I received an anonymous letter, containing six very difficult and perplexing questions; deeply involving the doctrine of Calvinism, Deism, and Universalism. The writer insisted for an answer, and as I fully thought those doctrines were not tenable, but could be refuted by Scripture and reason, I answered them. I have room here to insert neither the questions nor the answer.

From this place we went on and reached at brother Chapel's, a Christian preacher. The people were careless and unaffected. We thence went home, and tarried during the night with

brother T. Jeter, a Christian preacher, of considerable eminence, but a slave ho'der! Here we met with Wm. Guiry and with F. Plummer, from New England, who were directing for the same meeting, to which we were going. The next day we all went on to the neighborhood of Shiloh. On Friday, 19th of May, the Union meeting commenced. At candlelight I was set forth to preach. I did so, to the joy of my own soul, and thought to the comfort of others. But F. Plummer, (from New England) immediately rose up in the congregation, and in his discourse observed, "such preaching (alluding to mine) was not fit for God, men nor Devils." This, with some other impertinencies, disgusted the most of the preaching brethren, so that he was but coolly received. Though he came to open a communication between, and to unite the christians in the East and South together, he did not succeed in his mission. At this meeting, I saw and met with my dear brother T. Reeves, who had led me along and given me aid in the ministry, when I was weak and helpless. On Monday afternoon the meeting closed. It was solemn to see the preachers embracing each other, probably for the last time they should meet on earth. And to see the weeping mourners dropping the penitential

tear, and saying to the preachers, " pray for me."

This evening I left the meeting ground, and went on four miles towards Danville, and tarried all night at the house where a daughter had been convicted of her sins, at the meeting, and was yet under great distress and affliction of mind. 'Twas said she slept none, but prayed and mourned all the night! Next morning I again prayed for her, and while engaged in the duty, she found redemption in the blood of the Lamb, the forgiveness of sins.

Thence I passed on, crossed Dan river, and at night held meeting at brother West's; but my mind was clouded, and it was with difficulty I could find anything to say. After meeting, I felt mortified and much depressed. Next morning I was informed that a man was sensibly convinced of his sins, while hearing me preach, and was constrained to fall on his knees, on his way home, and prayed mightily for God to be merciful to his soul.

Thence I directed my way for my native place, and in the evening arrived safely at my Mother's, and found her, my brother and relations well. During a week I preached in the neighborhood, in the day and at night. The Lord tendered some

of the people's hearts, some of whom rejoiced aloud, and some cried for mercy.

On the last Sunday in May, I met with J. O'Kelly, at Apple's meeting house, near the High Rock of Haw river, in Guilford county. The congregation was large and deeply affected. We had the communion, in which many of the Presbyterians, and some of the Methodists joined with us.

From this place I went on westwardly, through Guilford, Stokes, Iredel and Surry counties, preaching almost every day, sometimes twice in the day. In Iredel, I could not do many mighty works, because of the Presbyterians! Their religion seemed to consist in keeping the Sabbath, and in withstanding every thing that was not Calvinism! I went on through Grayson and Wythe counties, in Va., and preached fifteen times in ten days, among my old acquaintances, in which time some professed religion, and some mourning under a sense of their sins, promised to seek the Saviour until they should find him, precious to their souls.

I then returned to North Carolina, tarried two days with my relations, and went on to the lower part of the state, in the regions about Edenton. My profession was strange here, and my access to the people was difficult. Some of the Metho-

dists liking my doctrine, took me in till their circuit riders came round and alarmed them, that I was an O'Kellyite, and charged them to keep me out of their houses, and forthwith they obeyed them!

Here I found the mosketoes and the gnats to be exceedingly troublesome, the sectarians very bitter, and the water extremely bad and insalubrious. In my travel, not far from Tarborough, I called at an inn, late in the evening, and asked the landlord to stay all night, telling him I had no money. He began to interrogate me very impertinently. I answered him. He swore he thought I was some runaway apprentice boy, and that the horse I was on was a stolen one, and he had a great mind to take me up as such. I told him he was welcome to do so, and in this way I should get a night's lodging with him. However he cursed me to begone as he would not trouble his mind about it. I started and in going a short distance, by the light of the moon, I discovered a path that lead through a thick woods, which I followed. After going about two miles through a dry, lonesome swamp, I came to a rural mansion, where I was received and hospitably entertained. This night, while lying in the bed my mind was led into an ample contemplation of the goodness of God, and his various dealings with me, which

filled my soul with inexpressible consolations. Here many lonesome scenes and joyful hours, which I had seen, rose into review. The many dangers I had passed, and the deliverances I had found. The occasion produced the following:

O may I always find thy grace so sweet,
As now I lay me down at Jesus' feet;
O may transporting joys bear me above,
All earthly objects, or a creature's love.

The next morning, my host having discovered that I was a preacher, invited me to stay and preach, which I did at candlelight, to an attentive and serious audience. On the next morning, when I was about to start, my host gave me one dollar, commended me to the protection of Almighty grace, and bid me God speed in the heavenly road.

I now directed my course for the old route or circuit, which I had before traveled, with brother T. Reeves. About the 15th of July I arrived there, at a place called Holy Neck. I now went on preaching nearly every day, in the counties of Southampton, Nancemond, Currituck, Norfolk, Isle of Wight, and Surry.

About the 1st of August, I held meeting at Lebanon meeting house, in Surry county, when a revival commenced. Old professors were animated, many of the wicked were convicted, and

some were converted. The cries and prayers of the congregation increased during the day. At night we repaired to brother Sudkin's to worship, and the meeting did not close till Tuesday; in which time thirteen souls professed to be brought from darkness to light, and loudly praised their Saviour.

Thence I preached at Bartley's, Holaway's, Chapell's, and at brother B. Barnett's. At his house the work of the Lord revived. His son Mills was convicted of his sins, while I was preaching of the return of the prodigal son. Two of his daughters obtained the forgiveness of sins, and several others.

On the second Sunday in August, I returned and held meeting at Lebanon, were perhaps 2000 people collected. Brother Barrett, the preacher met with me, and brought his son who was yet seeking the Saviour. At this meeting he professed to have the love of God shed abroad in his heart. At candlelight, while mourners were praying, and a general noise was in the congregation, a man came to me with a stick concealed under his coat, and asked me to come out to the yard, and pray for a mourner who was there crying for mercy, I started out with him, but before I came to the door, another man pulled me back, and as I was

returning to the pulpit, the man with his stick came and struck at me, but the blow was warded. He then caught hold of me and was about to beat me with his club, but was prevented by others, and put out of the house. I tarried three days in the neighborhood, and held meeting from house to house, almost all night and day. In this time seven gave evidence of being born again, and were added to the church.

On Wednesday I went on, and preached at brother Holaway's. On Thursday morning, I started to my appointment, several miles distant, accompanied by two of brother Holaway's daughters, and one of their cousins. In our way we had to cross a stream of water, over which a new bridge was erected, and was in an unfinished state, having no banisters, and the plank loose on the sleepers. I went formost on the bridge. When I was nearly over, brother H.'s youngest daughter's horse became frightened at the shaking of the bridge, and instantly ran back on the end of the planks, and threw himself and his screaming rider into the stream! The water was about fifteen feet deep, and of considerable width. I jumped from my horse, and ran without pulling off my hat, coat or boots, and leaped into the stream to save the drowning damsel. Before I

reached her she caught me round the neck, and with much exertion I broke her hold. I took her by the arm with one hand, and with great difficulty, and at the hazard of my own life, conveyed her to the shore. Where I brought her to the bank, the water was deep; but by the assistance of the other two women, who had been screaming almost to distraction, we raised her on the bank, but to all appearance dead! A large portion of water poured out of her mouth, and we presently observed symptoms of life. In the space of half an hour, she recovered life and strength to speak. In broken accents she began to express her thanks to me, that I had saved her life, and said if it had not been for me, by this time she would have been in hell. I told her that her thanks belonged to God, who had preserved her life that she might take warning to repent. For the space of two hours she was unable to ride. We then helped her on her horse, and by the assistance of her sister holding her on, she was enabled to return homeward, but for want of strength, had to tarry with an acquaintance by the way for the night.

This circumstance brought conviction to her soul—she sought the Saviour by earnest prayer, and shortly found him in the forgiveness of sins. This was also the means of awakening two of her

brothers to a sense of their sins, both of whom shortly professed faith in Jesus; and one of them, Zachariah Holaway, shortly commenced preaching, and remains steadfast and useful to this day.

I went in my wet clothes to my appointment, where the people were waiting for me. They thought strange to see me so very wet, on so clear a day, and some had it soon reported that I was drunk, and had fallen into the mill pond, &c. !

Thence I went to brother Carrett's, where the little revival that had started, was yet spreading, and taking many, both old and young, out of Satan's kingdom, into the liberty of the children of God.

From this place I went on my circuit, preaching to people in some places, apparently hard as stones. and at some places I saw appearances of good, till I came again to Lebanon, where the work of the Lord was yet spreading. The last Sunday in September, I spoke to a large congregation, and several professed religion. When meeting closed, I started out to my horse. When I came to him, two men were standing by, one with a large pocket knife open in his hand, the other held a large stick. One of them observed I ought to have a d——d beating, and that they intended to give it to me. They said because I had be-

witched the peoplo—set them crazy, &c. The one raised his stick to strike me. I looked him in the face, and said Lord have mercy on your poor, wicked soul; at which his stick fell out of his hand, and his face turned pale. The other shut up his knife, and looking frightened, said, we can't hurt him. By this time, some others drew up and threatened to prosecute them for the assault, and they withdrew.

A few weeks after this, we had a communion at brother B. Barrett's, where Wm. Guiry met with us. At this meeting several professed to be born again, and many were brought to their knees in tears and prayers. When we were about communing, a wicked mob collected and came to disturb us. Some of them were repulsed, and some remained in the house, and by way of mocking having furnished themselves, they ate bread and drank wine in commemoration of their Lord —and this they did, being intoxicated!! Shortly after this, one of them felt convicted for his crime, and became a sincere praying man.

About this time, brother Mills Barrett, who professed to be my son in the gospel, being under exercises to preach the gospel, started out traveling with me, and continued mostly with me during my stay on that circuit. In which time, he

made a rapid improvement and seemed to bid fair to be a useful man.

December 24th, I traveled all day facing an intense cold wind. Being thinly clad and having no great coat, about dark I felt myself numb and sleepy. I became alarmed, believing I would freeze. I alighted to walk, but was scarcely able to get along. Sleepiness had almost overcome me. In walking a little distance, I came to fire by the roadside, which perhaps had been left by wagoners. I kindled it, and warmed myself until I felt my strength return and my drowsiness leave me. I deemed this a providential deliverance from death, which I believe had already commenced to work on me!! Having warmed myself, I went about three miles, and came to old brother George's almost frozen again.

Here I was soon made comfortable by the kindness of the family, and felt thankful that I had a merciful God, who was always mindful of me.

Shortly after this, being in the neighborhood of Lebanon, the brethren hearing of my sufferings, bought me a great coat.

During the winter I followed up my appointments with unremitted zeal, often suffering hunger, cold, persecutions, oppositions and threats of violence. In several places the work of the Lord

revived, and I felt consoled and fully compensated in seeing souls converted to God.

In the month of March, 1810, two Christian preachers, R. Dooly and R. Clark, from the west, came into my route. I introduced and recommended them among the brethren. We traveled together some days. They were highly esteemed, and seemed to be useful.

In April I felt my mind strongly inclined to leave those regions, and sound the gospel in places far distant. I felt the more clear in doing so, as those men intended to stay in my circuit, till the Union meeting, which was to be held at Lebanon in May.

About the last of April, I gave my farewell discourse to the people, and to the young converts at Lebanon. This was a solemn, though joyful time. Though we gave the parting hand, perhaps to see each other's faces no more in the flesh, we had a strong hope that we should meet in a better country, where we shall part no more. Thence I went on from place to place, till I came again to brother Barrett's. Here I preached and parted from the many happy young converts and faithful old soldiers of the cross, with whom I had enjoyed many happy hours in the worship of God.

By looking over my memorandum, I discovered that within the last nine months, when I started to come to this route, I had held about there hundred meetings, and seventy-three souls had professed a happy change from darkness to light, through the instrumentality of my labor, and many brought to a knowledge of their sins, who I hoped would have cause to thank God that he had ever sent me to proclaim liberty to their captive souls.

By loud and frequent speaking—with the many devotional exercises, that devolved on me, I was now afflicted with a distressing cough and spitting of blood.

I bade farewell to brother Barrett and his affectionate family, and directed my course for my native place in North Carolina. In ten days, having preached several times by the way, and suffered some distresses among strangers, I arrived in Haw River at my mother's. Next day I attended an appointment previously made for me. But with so much bodily weakness I could scarcely perform service. I attempted to hold several meetings in the neighborhood, but could not extend my voice to be heard by a large audience. It was now thought I had the consumption, and I was advised by friends to leave off speaking,

and relax my studies, that I might recover.

On the 29th of May, I bade farewell to my mother and brother, and started, weak in body and much reduced in flesh, for the western and frontier countries. My contemplations during the day, were serious and mournful. The journey before me, the danger and distress I might meet, revolved in my mind. After riding forty miles, I called at an inn, in Stokes county, so weak and faint, that I could not get into the house without assistance. I felt during the night my complaint to increase. The landlord was previously acquainted with me. He seemed deeply interested for me, and wished to call for a physician, but I objected. Next morning I was unable to ride. I tarried till the next day. I had gained a little strength, and thought I could ride I started on my journey again, and in only going a few miles, was convinced I was too weak to get along. I turned back, and in two days arrived at my mother's. I was there confined several days. Coughing and spitting blood harrassed me day and night. In about four weeks, I recovered a little strength, so that I could ride slowly, and speak so as to be heard by a congregation.

June 29th, I started and traveled in various parts of N. and S. Carolina, frequently preaching

to large congregations. In some instances the, power of God attended the words of my mission, and several persons professed to be converted under my ministry. In these regions I found several companies of believers, who had collected themselves together, under the name of "Christians," taking the Scriptures only for their rule. My coming to them, seemed like the coming of Titus.

The weather was excessively warm here, and the people unhealthy and pale, but I felt myself recovering and my strength increase. The land is very poor, except on some of the rivers, Pedee, Santee, &c., interpersed with pine and scrubby oak, sandy, level, and swampy. Thence I turned my course, and about Fayetterville, Newbern and Raleigh, in N. Carolina, I preached frequently. I went on through Wake, into Warren county, on Roanoke river, where I had some happy meetings. At Liberty meeting house, two souls professed to be brought to the knowledge of their sins forgiven. Here I met with J. O'Kelly. We went over the river into Virginia, and traveled several days together, and preached to large and attentive congregations. I returned to Carolina and held meeting at brother Gill's, where brother Mills Barrett me. We traveled together

through Warren, Granville, Orange and Casewell counties—crossed Dan river and went into Halifax county, Va. Thence returned into Carolina—went through Casewell, Rockingham, Guilford and into Orange county, and came to my mother's, having preached almost every day, and frequently at candlelight; in which time, I saw thirteen souls delivered from the power of darkness, and translated into the kingdom of the Son of God. Many others were brought to a deep sense of their sins, and signalized themselves as mourners in Zion. We held a few meetings in the neighborhood. Brother Barrett and I then parted, and he returned, I suppose, to Virginia.

By this time (September) I had almost recovered from my complaint. My spitting of blood had almost ceased, and my cough troubled me but little.

October 14th, 1810, I started for the western country. I went sixteen miles and came to a communion occasion, held at Apple's meeting house, in Guilford county. Here I met with brother R. Dooly. This was a happy time to many of our souls.

Monday 15th, I and brother Dooly, went on our journey, and tarried all night in Salem, a Moravian town. These people live as one family.

The town is elegant, the streets are neat, and the people are sober, quiet, and peaceable Thence we crossed Yadkin river, and put up at T. Anderson's in Rowan county. In this neighborhood, we held a five day's meeting, and administered the Lord's Supper. Here fifty-five Presbyterians forsook their confession of faith, and declared themselves the Lord's free children. From this meeting I directed my course westwardly, and traveled twelve days, and arrived at a great meeting, held by the people called Christians, at Hopewell meeting house, on Bledsoe creek, West Tennessee. In this journey I preached three times—passed through Jonesborough, Leesburg, and Greentown, in East Tennessee. Crossed Nolechucky, Walaga, Clinch, Holstein, Big Emera, and Cumberland rivers. In the wilderness, I suffered hunger and cold, being exposed to an incessant rain one whole day, and did not arrive at the stand where I had to put up, till late in the night.

At this meeting, preachers and people were all strange to me, only one preacher whom I had seen before. I was kindly received, and admitted to preach on Sunday to the congregation, which was large and attentive. I found the Christian preachers and the brethren here, to be much

like those in the South, differing from them mostly on the subject of baptism.

Thence I directed my course for Duck river. Nov. 9th, I attended at Bethlehem meeting house, with several other preachers, on a communion occasion, which continued four days. During this time there was much exercise (as it is called) among the people. This exercise consists chiefly in shouting, dancing, jumping, hollowing, laughing, &c., &c.

From this meeting I traveled one hundred and four miles, in three days, and held three meetings. People are but thinly settled here. Their houses consist of small cabins, and some who have lately arrived in the country, dwell in tents. The face of the country is exceedingly fertile and beautiful, and when cultivated and improved, will certainly yield those adventurers an ample remuneration for their present sufferings. I preached in Columbia, a county town, lately laid out on Duck river, to an attentive audience. I visited and preached to the settlers on Bigby and Elk rivers, and Richland creek. My audiences were small, but attentive, and individuals seemed to be deeply interested in the salvation of their souls.

November 23d and 24th, I rode through a large extent of uninhabited country. It was mostly

covered with cane. The fertility of the soil, and the grandeur of the timber, far exceeded anything I had ever seen.

> In yonder deep, lonely grove I roam'd unseen,
> 'Midst tow'ring oaks and herbage ever green;
> Where beasts of prey, and prowling vultures haunt,
> And the dread savage made my heart to pant.

I returned to Columbia again, held meetings there, and in the region round about. Thence turned my course for Cumberland again, and preached at the Fishing Ford of Duck river.

November 29th, I rode twelve miles to my appointment in the rain. No person met me at the appointed place. In the evening I put up at a preacher's house. I found him to be singular in his sentiments. Among many other novelties, he entirely rejected family prayer, as a burden laid on us by priest craft.

December 1st and 2nd, I held a two days' meeting on Stone's river. The brethren appeared to be happy, and we thought the Lord was with us. Here I was met by brother Adams, a Christian preacher, a man of learning and information. From this place I went home with him, and preached at his house. Thence I preached about every day, till I came again to Hopewell. Thence to the barrens of Kentucky.

December 15th and 16th, I held a two days' meeting at brother Mulky's. Here brother Dooly met me. The people felt the weight and power of truth. A sister gave a discourse, which discovered a strong mind, and a zealous soul, and that went with energy to the hearts of the congregation. I preached in the regions round about, till December 29th. In which I had some happy seasons with the people of God, and met with some trials and distresses.

December 27th. I started for the old settlements of Kentucky. In the night I put up at Col. Cacy's, in Adair county. I preached at his house, and several times in the neighborhood. There is no church of the Christian name here; but I conversed with some Methodists and Baptists, who appeared to be tired of their creeds, and of that spirit of bigotry, which has too long kept the children of God from fellowship and union.

Thence I went three days through a poor and thinly inhabited part of the country—suffering a day's rain, crossing Green river, and many other rapid streams; some of which were full, and dangerous to be crossed. I came to brother I. Reed's, a Christian preacher, from Virginia, who lived near Kentucky river. With him I was

refreshed. He introduced me among the Christian brethren. I preached almost every day, and sometimes twice in a day, in those regions, and frequently to large congregations, where I saw many happy brethren, and many weeping mourners, and some who professed to be born again. Thence I went to Lexington, and held meeting at brother Edes'.

January 13th, 1811, I held meeting at Mount Tabor and Bethel meeting houses. At Tabor the people were dull and lifeless. I preached at brother I. Elmore's, a Christian preacher, with whom I had been acquainted in Virginia, and with whom, in his own house, I had often taken sweet counsel. I continued to preach in Lexington, and in the regions round, until March 22d. During this time, I saw the work of the Lord revive in several places, and a number of souls professed to be born of God, through the instrumentality of my feeble labors.

March 22d, I bade farewell to my friends in Lexington, and started to Cane Ridge. At Cane Ridge meeting house, and about there, I held several meetings to large and deeply affected audiences. This place is sacred and memorable, in my estimation, because the people who now are called "Christians," for the first in the west,

here discarded all human catechisms, confessions of faith, doctrines and disciplines of men, and publicly declared themselves, henceforth, to be known, as a religious body, by no other name than that of Christian, and to take the Scriptures only, for their rule of faith and practice.

From this place I went on and preached a few times in and about Concord meeting house. Here I saw some remarkable instances of the jerks. Thence I started for Fleming county, and traveled all day in an incessant rain. When I came to Licking river, it was very full and rapid. While crossing in a boat, she struck a stump, which stroke split a plank of the boat, and the water began to run into her, but we narrowly escaped sinking, by arriving at the shore just before she filled. I put up at one of the brethren's near Flemingburgh. Next day I preached in the neighborhood, where we had a happy and memorable time. Thence on Cabin creek. On the Ohio river, I preached several times. Here the spirit of the Lord was marvelously among the people. Some were convicted of their sins, and two professed to have the love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

I crossed the Ohio river, and preached on Eagle creek, and at West Union. Thence I made for

Clear creek. My road was uninhabited till I came to New Market. Soon after passing this place, night overtook me. My road was muddy, the night was dark, and I found no house to stop at, till late in the night. I came into Hillsborough, and put up with a Quaker, who used me kindly. Next morning, I went to brother G. Wilson's on Clear creek. I preached in his house and in the neighborhood. I preached in Hillsborough. The audience was deeply affected, some of the Methodists shouted, and sinners wept. Thence I preached at brother Gibson's.

April 19th, I started to return to the Ohio river again, by the way of West Union. This day I traveled a solitary road, and a concurrence of circumstances turned my meditations on the subject of the *origin* of the *Devil.* I inquired how he came? I thought on the popular opinion—that he was once an angel of light, and probably one of the highest order. To this I answered, if he once were an angel of light, &c., the highest created celestial being was peaceable, and, of course, not in a secure state. Again, I could not account how temptation could be introduced to, or sin be committed by a pure, perfect, and glorified spirit. I also thought, that if sin affected the breast of this angel, or angels, while in heaven, it must

have had a similar effect in the heavenly world, to that which it produced on our earth when introduced in Eden. This would make a hell of heaven. I thought of the passages that favored this doctrine. Jude 6, Isaiah 14 : 12, 13, 14. From the context of these passages, I concluded the one in Isaiah alluded to the king of Babylon, and the one in Jude, to the man of sin, or those who spake great swelling words. Again, where there is no law there is no transgression; and sin is a transgression of the law. How a pure spirit, the immediate emanation of God, could have a law, or what kind of a law could be given them, was utterly beyond my reach to understand. My thoughts transported me beyond myself, and for the moment I sunk into a maze of scepticism. I asked what is the Almighty ? Is my existence real or imaginary ? I stopped my horse. I was on the regions of despair.

I felt miserable ! Lamenting my condition, in full confidence that there is a God, I cried, Lord save me. My hope returned, and my doubts fled away. Coming to myself, I became afraid I might destroy myself. Having no weapon but a penknife, I took it from my pocket and threw it into the woods ! I thought of these words, "Thy God whom thou servest continually, is able to

deliver thee;" which gave me great comfort. Temptations and gloomy prospects continued to depress my mind during the day. In the evening I held meeting in West Union, but I felt embarrassed and confused. I slept but little during the night. I rose at the dawn of day, and walked to the woods. I viewed the spacious firmament, which was clear and tranquil, richly decked with her thousand stupenduous orbs of light. I saw the orient beams of day, gild the eastern horizon, and with inimitable beauty irradiate the western sky. The scene struck me with amazing conviction. Here is the Mighty God exhibited throughout his boundless empire! The birds awoke from their slumbers, and with varied notes tuned their early anthems to the coming day. Innocence and joy seemed to sound through all the surrounding woods. My mind emerged from her gloom. My soul was overwhelmed with gratitude and love. With inexpressible raptures I mingled my song with the warblers of the grove, and sang:

"When we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves a song,
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue."

This was a joyful morning, and one to me, never to be forgotten.

From this place I went on, and preached at Eagle creek. Here the Lord displayed his love in the redemption of one soul, and in the conviction of two others, who presented themselves as mourners; for, and with whom we prayed. After meeting, as I was riding on the bank of the Ohio, a thunder storm came on, and a flash of lightning, my horse frightened and threw me off him. Not being dangerously hurt, I caught him, and in the midst of the rain and hail, I came to a small cabin and took shelter. After the shower, I crossed the river, and held meeting at candle-light on the Kentucky shore, at a house where a sick woman lay, apparently nigh unto death. In this audience there was rejoicing and weeping. Thence I preached at Cabin creek, where there was an old sinner convicted, and he desired that prayer should be made for him. Christians rejoiced and sinners mourned. Thence I crossed the Ohio—preached twice on Eagle creek. Then went on and preached at West Union. From there to Brush creek and preached several times, and on Sunfish. People are but thinly settled here, and have but little preaching. I did not see much sign of my being profitable to them. I returned to Clear creek, and held meeting at I. Kirkpatrick's (a Christian preacher) and on Sun-

day at the meeting house near by. We had a happy time.

Thence I started for the Scioto country. The second day, I preached at the house of a Methodist, near a place called Oldtown. Thence I came to brother Wilson's. I preached at his house to a few people. Several miles from this place, I attended a meeting, in conjunction with a young Methodist preacher, by the name of Bascomb, now the orator. His sermon contained some gross inconsistencies, and some cutting reflections against the profession to which I belonged. I endeavored to rectify his mistakes—a controversy ensued. We ended about where all such fruitless contentions end—where we began! Thence I preached at the widow Wolf's, on North Paint, where the exercise of the people was marvellous in my eyes.

May 2d. From this place I directed for my appointment on Deer creek, near where Yankeetown is now known. In this day's travel, I was delighted with the face of the country called the barrens. The extensive plains, clothed with living verdure, variegated with wild flowers of every tint and hue, while the rich perfume of the blooming roses, is wafted on the wings of every passing zephyr, prompted in me an enthusiasm of pleas-

ure, but rarely felt. At night I preached to a few people. Next day I preached lower down the creek. After meeting I went to brother Alkier's, a Christian preacher. Near his house I held a two day's meeting in an unfinished meeting house, on the bank of Deer creek.

May 6th. In the morning I prepared and started on my way for Philadelphia. In going a few miles, I lost my way and wandered in the barrens for some hours, but falling in at a cabin, I was directed towards the Pickaway Plains. I presently came to the Scioto, and crossed it at West-fall, and went through the Plains—a delightful prospect. I put up and tarried all night in New Lancaster. The next evening I tarried in Zanesville, on Muskingum river, and held meeting in the Court house. On the next day, at 10 o'clock, I held meeting in the same place. Thence I went on several days. One evening a man followed me some distance with a gun. By his manner I apprehended he designed mischief against me. He left the road and took the woods; but as far as I could see him, he partly kept the direction of the road. Shortly after he was out of my sight. I came to a creek, it was then a little dark. While my horse was drinking, I thought I heard a gun snap. I whipped up my horse, went over the

creek, and ascended a small hill. I then saw the man coming through the woods towards me. I then dismounted my horse, gave him a stroke with my whip, and sent him on in a trot. I then went towards the man and hailed him as a friend. I told him I was a preacher, a stranger, &c., and, as I was almost run out of money, I wished him to tell me where I could find a religious man's house to stay during the night. He pretended to tell me. I then bid him adieu, and went on. He came into the road, and went back towards his home. Getting out of sight, I ran to overtake my horse; for I was yet afraid that he might take a nigh turn, and overtake me again. I came up to my horse, mounted, and rode him with speed for some distance. I found my road kept a pretty straight direction, and presently thought myself out of danger. I traveled, I thought, ten miles and came to a house, where I tarried for the night.

May 11. I started in the rain, and the rain fell incessantly during the day, and I became wet and cold. In the afternoon, I put up at an inn, and called for something warm to eat. The two women of the house soon fell into conversation with me. I found they had been brought up Presbyterians. While dinner was preparing for

me, the young woman asked me if I were a professor of religion? I answered yes. She asked me of what denomination. I did not tell her, but told her to guess. She tried, but did not guess right. She then said she did not believe I had religion, but I will know, said she, when dinner comes on; for if you are a religious man, you will surely say grace. Dinner came on, I sat down and began to eat, without saying grace, as they could hear. In a short time, I asked her if she thought I could preach? Preach! said she, you can preach about as much as I can. Said I, if you will get the liberty of this house for me, I will try what I can do at it. She asked the landlord for the house—he seemed to be as fond of the joke (as they thought) as she was, and granted the house, and immediately sent off a boy to tell the people to come to preaching, to-morrow at 12 o'clock. After the boy was gone, she said to me, are you not sorry? Not much, said I. Before I repaired to bed, I asked leave to pray. In prayer the young woman was brought under conviction, and constrained to weep. After prayer, I exhorted her, and pointed out her salvation in the great Redeemer. Next day the people gathered, and I preached to them. When I started from the

place, the young woman promised to seek the Saviour till she found him.

Thence I went on, crossed the Ohio river, and preached in Cannonsburg. Thence through Pittsburgh—I preached in Bedford Court house, Pennsylvania.

May 24th, I arrived in Philadelphia. I put up with John Hunter, Esq., deacon in the Christian society. An appointment was made for me, at their meeting house, that evening, at candlelight. Before meeting came on, Elias Smith and John Gray, from New England, arrived. I preached to an attentive audience. On the next evening, I heard E. Smith preach. I preached during several days in different places in the city. Two souls professed religion, and were joined to the church.

Thence I went into the great Valley, (so called) in Chester county, Penn. I held several meetings there, and met much opposition from Sectarians. Here I became acquainted with R. Pucheon, a Christian preacher.

Thence I went into Delaware above Newport. I preached with success—souls were awakened, and some forsook their creeds and disciplines, and promised to take the Scriptures for their rule.

From this place I went and preached in Newark, Christiana, Elton, Charleston, at Susquehannah river, Haverdegrace, and in Port Penn. Thence I returned to Newport—held several meetings, and the work of the Lord continned to revive. I then went on to Philadelphia by the way of Wilmington and Old Chester. In the city, I found the work of the Lord prospering, among the christian people, and members were added to them.

I now became acquainted with a young man by the name of R. F. Ferguson, who related to me his experience, and the manner in which the Lord was calling him to preach the gospel. I heard him in exhortation. I thought he might be useful. I informed him, if he would turn out to the work of an Evangelist, I would sell my saddle, &c., and purchase a gig, in which I would give him a seat, and take him with me through the country. He promised to do so, when his apprenticeship would expire. This would be about the following Christmas.

I traveled and preached in different places in Pennsylvania and Delaware, and in Philadelphia, to average more than once a day, until September. During which time, I suffered much persecution, and many lonesome and disconsolate feelings, be-

cause I was sometimes destitute and in want. In this time I was baptized by immersion in the river Schuylkill, and ordained an elder of the Church of Christ in the city of Philadelphia.

Having purchased a double-seated gig, I made ready to start towards the South. My farewell sermon was appointed to be in our meeting house, in the city. We had a weeping time, yet many of us rejoiced in spirit, in hope that we should meet again, where parting is not known.

September 20th. In the morning, brother R. Ferguson and I concluded that he should meet me in Alexandria, (D. C.) about the ensuing New Year, in order to travel with me to preach the gospel. I left the city in the company of E. S. to attend a union meeting in Virginia. We preached in Newport, Delaware, at night. After we crossed Susquehannah river, my horse tired. E. S. was riding in my gig with me. He left me with my tired horse on the road, and took passage in a hack to Baltimore. With difficulty, I passed on to Alexandria. Thence I went into Fairfax county, Va., about Fall's church, and held meeting. Here I had two dollars given me. This took me to Fredericksburg, where I held meeting. Thence to Dickinson's Chapel, where we held our union meeting. Here I saw among

many other preachers, Z. Holloway, and M. Barrett, my gospel children.

From this meeting, I returned to Alexandria and to Fairfax, where, especially, about Fall's church, I had some precious and soul reviving meetings.

About the 16th of October, I went forward to Shenandoah county. On the 19th I arrived at Wm. Smith's, on Cedar creek. My road was exceeding muddy; my horse was poor and small. Twice I had to prize my gig out of the mire. My money gave out, and I had to beg a night's lodging at an inn. I preached at Smith's Beohm's, and in Stoverstown, to large audiences. At Beohm's I held a communion, and introduced *washing of feet* among the brethren. The work of the Lord prospered. Near Stoverstown I baptized eight persons, in the presence of a weeping multitude.

Thence I went to Winchester, and preached in the Presbyterian meeting house. From this place I went on, and preached on the 3d Sunday in November, at Mr. Rittenour's, to a few people, not much softer than stones. Here, for the first time, I saw her, who afterwards became my wife. Thence I preached in Shenandeah, in different places, till the first of December. I then returned to Fairfax county. I held meetings in different

places till the 23d. I then went to Alexandria. I left word with a friend, that when R. F. Ferguson came on, he should be directed to find me at brother Gunnel's, in Fairfax.

December 26th, brother F. came to me. We tarried in the neigborhood eight days, and preached at several places, and saw some appearances that good was done in the name of the Lord. Brother F. is now only an exhorter. Thence we returned for Shenandoah. The third day we suffered extremely by the cold winds, ice and snow. After traveling thirty miles, sometime in the night we came to M. Rittenour's, in Frederick county, hungry, weary, and almost frozen. The family was very kind, and the affectionate attention paid me by Christiania, created in me a fond attachment.

I preached in Shenandoah and Frederick counties in a number of places. At M. Rittenour's, after preaching a few times, the work of the Lord revived. In the space of two months, about sixty-five persons had professed to be converted, and about seventy-two I baptized in the neighborhood. During this time, in other places the work of the Lord revived; several came to the knowledge of the truth, and I baptized them.

On the third Sunday of Februrary, I attended

at the Round hill, with a large audience. A Mr. M. Fry, a Methodist preacher, had put in an appointment at the same time and place. He told me he intended to preach, and then hold class meeting. I saw he was for an opposition. I told the people that all who wished to hear me, should follow me to brother Carter's. The people all followed me, but a few, with whom he neither preached nor held class meeting, as I was told.

March 21st, 1812, I proposed, for the first time, the subject of marriage to Christiana Rittenour. I told her that if she was not prepared to give me a decisive answer, she might consider on the subject one week. Her answer was deferred. In our next interview, our marriage was decided on. It was agreeable to her parents.

April 5th, 1812. On Sunday evening at candlelight, in the house of Michael Rittenour, I was married to his daughter Christiana. About this time, it was reported that I had a wife in the State of Ohio, and many other things prejudicial to my character. I continued to preach in the regions round, until April 30th, with unwearied diligence; suffering much persecution and opposition; and the Lord abundantly blessed my feeble labors, to the comfort and to the salvation of many souls.

April 30th, 1812, I left my father-in-law's—my wife and me—and started for North Carolina. I and brother Ferguson now parted. He was to stay in the regions round here, to attend to the work of the ministry. The first Sunday in May I preached in Fall's church, in Fairfax county, and then at different places in the neighborhood, to attentive and some seriously affected audiences. Thence in Alexandria, Occuecon, Dumfress, Stafford Court house, and Fredericksburg. In this last place I put up with my kind friend C. Clark, a Christian preacher. Thence to Wm. Guiry's. He is a man of great natural and acquired abilities—has been of great popularity and usefulness. But I am afraid he is indulging too much in the vanities of this world. Here I was detained three days, by a great fall of rain. After leaving this place, in going a few miles, I came to a creek that was yet full and very rapid. Fearing to venture in the water with the gig, I loosed the horse, and took my wife behind me, and ventured in. The horse was directly borne down by the current, below the fording place, and my wife fell off the horse into the stream! With much difficulty I saved her from drowning, and brought her to the shore. I then hitched my horse into the gig, and drove in; but about the middle

of the stream, one wheel hitched against a rock, and the horse, in drawing, broke the harness, went on, and left his gig and its contents in the stream. I was with hazard and difficulty that I finally extricated all from the water! Leaving this place, we presently came to another stream, more large and dangerous than the other. On the bank, we came out of the gig, and immediately the horse became frightened, and took to the stream; a number of books and some other articles were tossed out of the gig, and lost in the water, and we were then left behind! I then waded and swam the stream—overtook my horse, and with much trouble I brought all over safely. I then went on, and tarried two days at old brother Gwatkin's. Here I preached to a weeping audience, and felt much better than I did six years ago, when I was here, soon after I began to try to preach. Then I was despised and rejected. Here I was offered fifty acres of land, with a good house on it, etc., if I would settle myself, and take charge of the church in that place.

Thence I went on, and preached in Richmond; and at brother Gils's, a Christian preacher, near Petersburg. Here I met brother Z. Holloway, my son in the gospel, who had made great improvement.

From this place, I went up the country, preaching almost every day. Crossed Roanoke river, and came into North Carolina, and called at brother Moss's. I preached at Liberty meeting house, to an attentive and serious congregation, and was publicly opposed by brother T. Morris, a Christian preacher. As he was an aged man, I made no reply. Thence to the White Plains, and at several other places, to Hillsborough. From this place I went on to my mother's. I felt thankful to my Heavenly Father, that I had been spared during an absence of eighteen months. In this time, I traveled about seven thousand miles, preached four hundred and sixty times, and saw about ninety-two souls delivered from the power of darkness, professedly through my instrumentality!

Here I left my wife, and traveled through Guilford, Stokes, Iredel and Surry counties, in North Carolina; and Grayson and Whythe counties, in Virginia. In this route, I saw and felt some precious seasons of spiritual joy and prosperity. In Grayson, I was rejoiced to see that a great reformation had taken place amongst the people, since I first visited them with the gospel. Thence I returned on the same route, and arrived safely at my mother's, where my wife was, having

been absent about four weeks, traveled about four hundred miles, and preached thirty times.

Here I bought fifty acres of land, and began to improve on it. So soon as I became located, meeting house doors were shut, and a furious opposition, by the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists, raged against me! I had several places erected in the woods to preach at, but some of the public speakers of the sects, fearing, as they thought, I would lead the people astray, frequently met me at those places, and opposed me, to the great disturbance of the congregation. It was not an uncommon thing now, for a preacher to say, (while in his pulpit,) of me, that I ought to be put into prison—should be closed in a dungeon —should not be suffered to preach, and one, that I, with all my books ought to be burnt! I now had reason to believe, that if the laws of our country favored the blood-spilling spirit of Anti-Christ, the former times of strife and vengeance would soon roll on again, when one professed christian, could triumphantly cut off the head of another, and rejoice to see a brother dissenter, expire in the flames, if he should not subscribe to his human-made creed, and receive all his unscriptural dogmas! When I would go to the meetings of those people, I could hear them pray for chris-

tian union—tell us to love one another—could hear them shout, and praise God, &c. How inconsistent! What disparity between example and precept! What hypocrisy! How degrading to the cause of Christ.

About the first of January, 1813, I commenced teaching school, for the term of three months. We were then living in a new house unfinished, the chimney up only as high as the first story. About the 10th, a furious storm came up in the night. The wind came down the chimney with great force, and blew the fire over the floor, and under the house, and among the pine shavings. The wind blowing in a whirlburst the doors open, and while the lightnings were flashing, thunders roaring, trees crashing, and our hearts failing, the fire was rapidly kindling in and under the floor! The house withstood the fury of the wind, and by hard exertion, we extinguished the fire without suffering serious loss.

About the first of February, I was taken with the White Swelling, in my right shoulder. I was soon unable to move my arm, or hand, without the aid of the other; and the pain was incessant, and inexpressible severe, for the space of seven weeks. About this time, there was a report in circulation, and believed by some, that I was not

married, but had ran away with Mr. Rittenour's daughter, without his knowledge or consent; and it was thought that my affliction was a judgment sent on me, to punish my wickedness. This was the religious effusion of Sectarian zeal. O! how intolerant!

On the 10th of May, I and my wife started for her father's, in Virginia. I preached several times on the way, and arrived there in ten days; having passed Casewell Court house, Danville, Pittsylvania, Major Ward's, Lynchburg, Amherst Court house, Rockfish Gap, Kiesletown, New Market, Woodstock, and Stoverstown. I preached at my father-in-law's, to a people with whom I had formerly seen and felt glorious times, in the work of the Lord. Thence I preached at Crooked Run, Newtown, Stoverstown, Round Hill, Timber Ridge, &c. During this time, I was solicited to take my residence in Frederick County, Va., to which I consented. I then borrowed money from the Bank of Winchester, to settle my business in Carolina, whither I started from my father-in-law's, on the 10th; leaving my wife with her parents.

I settled all my concerns in Carolina, only with my brother Jacob, to whom I owed one hundred dollars; and that I should be under no censure by

him, I gave him possession, and a deed of my land, till I should pay him; with the express understanding, that he should not charge interest on my obligation, nor I claim any rent for my premises; and that, when I should pay him, this bargain was to be null.

On the 10 of July, I started for Virginia, and preached in several places on my way. On the 20th, I arrived at my father-in-law's, and found my wife well. August 12th, my wife brought forth a daughter, and we named her Sophronia.

I shortly purchased a lot in Kernstown, near Winchester, and situated there in October following. In the intermediate time, I continued to preach, in various places in Frederick, Hampshire, and Shenandoah counties. I baptized some young converts, and met with some opposition.

In September, I went to Carolina. Brother I. Ellis of Frederick county went with me. On the way, at Major Ward's I met with a man who said he was a *believing jew*. He wears no hat—has no name, neither personal nor professional. Never rides. Dresses in a plain robe. Preaches repentance. Remembers Mary in every discourse. Holds no controversy. Takes no money, neither does he use any. Cuts neither hair nor beard. Professes to follow Christ in the regene-

ration; nor will he own anything in the world. He is an aged man; a great scholar, versed in several languages: the Assyrian, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, English, &c. Profound in reason; expert in the Scriptures; plain and sublime in his language. Decent, modest, and humble in his manners. Solid and convincing in his discourses. Familiar and naturally fascinating in private conversation.

October 14th, 1813, I moved, and settled myself and family, in Kernstown, Frederick county, Va. At this place I commenced teaching school. My gospel labors were now circumscribed chiefly to Sabbath days. The space of a few months, I enjoyed the sweets of domestic and rural life. I experienced a calm, which has since seemed to be a prelude to a longer and more violent storm of life, than I had ever before experienced.

About the first of June, 1814, I was led into a more serious, honest, deliberate and general consideration of religion, and its various duties, than had ever before revolved in my mind. I now contemplated religion to be entirely spiritual and pure. I was rationally convinced, that the surrounding sects were deluded, and, that I was a better imitator of them, than of the precept and example of the meek and lowly Jesus! It was

shown to me, that I had greater things to do, than I yet had done, and a heavier cross to bear. I would have to bear a full and faithful testimony against Anti-Christ, and against the pride and fashion of this world; both by precept and example. The article, and the manner of dress, came into view, and was considered no small thing. A *white dress*, so frequently mentioned in the Scripture, indicative of the bride having made herself ready for the marriage; and the innocency and purity which should characterize every minister of Christ, was the one evidently dictated for me. My mind was seriously exercised, and daily oppressed with what I took to be the "burden of the Lord." My soul became like the troubled ocean. My hours of sleep were disturbed, and the business of the day, often interrupted by the agitation of my feelings. My flesh grew lean, and my appetite failed. I was impressed with the duty of preaching, after the example found in Mark 6th, and Luke 10th; and that I should deny the present fashion of dress, both as relates to cut and color, and particularly to refuse black. I was impressed to wear white, to represent my traveling in great tribulation, to meet with those who are clothed in white around the throne of God.

October 29th, 1814, I removed my family to

Shenandoah county, near Woodstock, and commenced a school there, the term of six months. About the first of December, I received a letter from Carolina, stating that my brother had sold my possessions there, and retained my note! O! the treachery and deception of man!

Finally, after many heart struggles of mind, I gave up to obey the duties made plain to me. I promised my Saviour if he would be with me, and prepare my way before me, that I would follow him in the mortifying path which he had manifested to me, though it should draw on me the scorn, derision, and contempt of all the world.

I sold my possession in Kernstown, my horse, etc., and prepared to travel on foot to preach the gospel. Before my school expired, I traveled a short route in my new mode and manner, and on my return, my feet were very sore and blistered. An old professor said, "well, Thomas, won't this beat you out of your foolish notion of following Christ?" I told him, I thought not.

July 6th, 1815, I gave my family to God and to the word of his grace, and started, as a stranger, and yet well known, as a deceiver, and yet true, to preach the everlasting gospel to them that dwell on earth. I went on through Frederick

and Hampshire counties, and returned again, having been about thirteen days, preached twenty-three times, and walked 130 miles. I was now celebrated by the name of "Crazy Thomas." In the manner I traveled, I discovered the pride and hypocrisy of professors' hearts, and saw that they were further from the pure gospel than I had ever before anticipated!

July 21st, my wife brought forth a daughter, and we named her Philomela.

July 29th, I started on a long journey towards the South. I preached in Mount Pleasant, where as I heard some years afterwards, there was a vain, fashionable young lady brought under conviction, and sought the Lord until she found him. I preached in New Market, on Smith's creek, Harrisonburg, Miller's Iron works, and in several places onward to Staunton, where I met with a kind reception among the Methodists; but I smarted for it afterwards. I passed through Augusta and Rockbridge counties, where I experienced sufferings and persecutions among the Presbyterians. At Cop's meeting house, in Botetourt county, I preached several times, where a reformation commenced. Here I obtained the name of the "Pilgrim Preacher;" which has exceeded all others given me

Thence I preached in Fincastle, in the Methodist meeting house. Some of the Methodists shouted, and sinners wept. From this place, I directed my course over rugged and towering mountains, to Craig's creek. On this creek I preached in several places, to people apparently as hard and barren as the mountains that surrounded them. I observed a lamentable falling away among the people, from the cause of religion, since I had visited them seven years ago.

From here I went a pathway over an exceeding high mountain, to Sinking creek; on the summit of which, I had an ample display of nature's wildest and sublimest features. On Sinking creek I preached at J. Webb's. Having left this place, a violent thunderstorm overtook me in the wild and strange woods; a great rain fell, and I became very wet. I came on to Spruce Run, where night met me. She with sable mantle, wrapped the high raised mountain's top in lonesome darkness, and whelmed the lowly sunken dell, into which I was descending, in thicker gloom. In this solitary wild, hungry, wet and faint, I called in at a cabin, and tarried during the night. But, alas! I found nothing to satisfy my hunger but cucumbers without salt. Here nature represents a picturesque and retired scene, well

calculated to inspire the poet's muse, and contemplation of the philosopher. Next morning, I went on my way, and in going a few miles, I came to New river. I had some difficulty in crossing it. I traveled some distance up the river. Here nature is clothed, not in garlands and roses, smiling in perennial and never-fading verdure, but stands frowning in the most sublime and majestic attire. Here Walker's mountain (as it is called) to all appearance, by some tremenduous catastrophe, has been cleft asunder, from base to summit, exhibiting towery rocks, lonesome and far-projected pinnacles, while pile upon pile, add wonder to the romantic figure! Through this mighty chasm, runs the roaring river, while foam, wave and tumultuous fury perfects one of the grandest and most majestic pictures of nature. My path led along the river's brink, over and between the dangerous rocks, that pile the rugged way. Passing this place, I was introduced into a large and fertile bottom, where I appeased my hungry appetite on May apples, as they are called, having ate nothing for nearly forty-eight hours, and having walked about fifty miles. Late in the evening, tired and hungry, I came to J. Toolinger's, where I was refreshed and comforted. Next day, (Sabbath,)I met with Mr. Morris, a Methodist preach-

er, at Page's meeting house. The preacher objected to my preaching in the house. By request of the people, I preached to them in the woods.

Then in Newbern, on Pea creek, etc., passing through Montgomery, Wythe and Grayson counties, preaching more than once a day, generally to large congregations. From Grayson county, I went into North Carolina, preached at the house of Gov. Henderson. Thence onward to the Moravian towns, where I was kindly received, and admitted to preach in their meeting houses. Thence in different places on the Yadkin river, and near to Salisbury.

Thence I turned my course, and retraced on my journey, till I came to Newbern, in Montgomery county, Va. Thence I went to Montgomery Court house; and while I was passing the street, a man hailed me—said he had heard of me, and wished me to stop and preach for them. I did so. Thence on Roanoke, I preached to an audience who had gathered to raise a house. Walking a log over the stream, I fell into the water, and was under the necessity of swimming out. In Salem, Botetourt county, I was kindly received, and preached twice in the Methodist meeting house. It was reported here, and believed

by some, that I was crazy, and had ran away from my family. A man told me that he was then immediately from Newtown, near my father-in-laws, and he was there told by a Methodist, that my father-in-law believing I never would return, went with his wagon and moved my family to his house, to take care of them! This gave me some uneasiness. Thence I preached near Amsterdam, and in Fincastle. Here from the post office, I lifted a letter from my wife, which gave me great consolation, as it unwittingly contradicted the above report.

Thence I went on to Cop's, Pattonsburg, and at different places in Rockbridge. Here I traveled one whole day in the rain, and ate nothing. After dark I was admitted to take shelter in the house of a Presbyterian; but he gave me nothing to eat. Next morning he charged me thirty-three cents, and a stranger, who was present in time of reckoning, paid it for me. I went nine miles to brother Menga's, in Augusta county, and was again provided with a breakfast, having walked forty miles, and fasted thirty-six hours. I preached in Middlebrook and in Staunton, where I found some Methodists had turned against me. Thence I preached on North river, Harrisonburg,

New Market, Mount Pleasant; and on the 26th of October, I preached at brother S. Hickle's in Shenandoah, where my family met me.

On the 28th, I arrived at my own dwelling, and preached to a large audience. I felt great consolation in my soul, and very thankful to God on the occasion, that I had been preserved through many trials and dangers, and was permitted to see my family and friends again in health, in this land of changes.

In this journey I was absent ninety-two days, preached ninety-seven times, and walked upwards of eleven hundred miles—endured many hard trials and difficulties—delivered from some imminent dangers—endured much persecution—saw that some professors were convinced of their errors—some sinners convinced of their sins, and brought to the knowledge of the truth.

I preached a few times in my neighborhood. Thence into Frederick county, at and about my father-in-law's, where I was yet known by the name of "Crazy Thomas!" Some said it was a dishonor to the gospel, for a preacher to wear such a garb as I did; though it was white and generally clean. Some said it was scriptural, and the most suitable. Lo! I found again, what I had long known, that the people would differ in their

opinions. Thence into Hampshire, and from there I returned home. I was absent four weeks, preached twenty-nine times, and walked upwards of an hundred miles, the most of the distance in snow and mud.

I now commenced teaching school, a term of three months. During which time, I preached frequently in the neighborhood—at Hottel's school house. Squire Hottel tried to prevent me from preaching there, and disturbed the congregation; but did not accomplish his purpose.

About the last of February my school expired, and my family was received, for a time, at my father-in-law's. I preached frequently in the neighborhood, and baptized some, and a few professed religion.

April 14th, 1816, I went on my way, directing my course to Maryland. In Martinsburg and in Shepherdstown, in Virginia. For Sharpsburg, Stone meeting house, Funkstown, Hagerstown in Maryland I preached to large congregations. Thence I returned to my father-in-law's, on the same route, and found my family well.

In this journey I was absent thirteen days, had preached sixteen times, and walked upwards of one hundred miles. I felt joyful in spreading the gospel, while many seemed to feel its power.

And though I endured some difficulties, my soul triumphed in the God of my salvation.

April 29th, I directed my course towards the Northern hills. I preached at the Round hills, at brother Hawkin's on North river, Park's Valley, Forks of Capon, at Sandy ridge, brother Hull's, brother T. Nesmith's, three times in Jarrettstown and in Bucklestown; where a Methodist preacher, in his sermon ridiculed me, and though I was present, he told the people I was ignorant, superstitious, enthusiastic, &c., and that they ought not to hear me preach. The people did not take this for gospel. Thence I returned to my family. I had been absent fifteen days, preached seventeen times, suffered some necessity and persecution, and saw some joyful prospects of the work of the Lord.

May 14th, I directed my course up the country, I was absent twenty-four days, preached thirty-two times, baptized three young converts, who professed religion under my ministry, and walked about one hundred and sixty miles.

Thence I preached in a number of places in Frederick and Shenandoah counties, and baptized five, who had lately professed religion. near my father-in-law's.

On the 10th of July I purchased a horse, as I

had found in impracticable to convey my books, which I had printed, on foot.

July 13th, I directed my course for Philadelphia. On my way I preached at Jarrettstown, Bunkershill, Bucklestown, Martinsburg, and Shepherdstown, Va. In Sharpsburg Stone meeting house, Funkstown, and other places in Maryland. Thence in several places to Philadelphia. In the city I preached several times. The Christian brethren now have a spacious and decent brick meeting house on Christian street. Thence to the Great Valley, and from there to Delaware, near Wilmington, where I met with two of my gospel children, not known to me before. They were born of God five years ago, and are yet faithful and zealous in the cause.

Thence near Newport, Christiana, Newark, &c., and returned to Philadelphia. I preached several times, and administered the Lord's Supper to the brethren, in Mount Zion meeting house.

Thence I returned, and arrived where my family dwelt, on the 6th of September; found my children in health, but my wife was in a sickly state.

In this journey I was absent about seven weeks, had traveled about 700 miles, and preached fifty-one times. I saw some good attend my labors—

met with some severe trials—suffered persecution and distress, and was enabled to glory in tribulation.

About this time, having a notion of removing my family to the State of Ohio, my brother-in-law, Jacob Little, having the same intention, we made a sale of our property. I then went into Maryland, by special request, and preached at Antitem Iron works, and at Keedy's meeting house, &c., and returned in five days, having preached eleven times.

About the 15th of September, Jacob Little started for the West, taking my things, which I had reserved for house keeping, with him. I intended to follow him, with my family, when I should return from another journey.

September 29th, 1816, I started with my family, in a little carriage, for the Western parts of Virginia. I preached in Stoverstown, Woodstock, Mount Pleasant, New Market, Harrisonburgh, Staunton, brother Menga's, Pattonsburg, Cop's, Fincastle, Salem, Montgomery Court house, Newbern, Pea creek, and at Nythe Court house, where some of the rable stole my carriage, run it half a mile out of town, and left it standing in a man's yard. I then went into Grayson county, and preached in different places.

Almost five years before this time, I had, while living in North Carolina, endorsed a note of seventy-five dollars, for my brother Jacob, which I thought, and had understood, had been paid long since, having passed several transfers, was here presented to me for payment. I immediately paid it. This was a hard stroke.

Thence I returned nearly on the same route, until I arrived at my father-in-law's. In this journey I was absent about seven weeks, preached forty times, met with some hard trials, and traveled about seven hundred miles.

I now was informed that my brother Jacob had been here, and had sold my note, which he held against me, to D. Faucett, and that the man expected immediate payment! Alas! thought I, this is surely the climax of infidelity, and of injustice.

Now all my calculations and arrangements were frustrated. I went to see the owner of the note, and found that it was transferred to Col. J. Gilkeson, who was kind to me, in this case, by waiting six months for payment. I now could not go on to the West, as I intended in consequence of this debt. I had sold out, and sent to the West, my household property, and had nothing wherewith to keep house.

Previous to this, D. Hess, of Maryland, had invited me to bring my family to his house, that I might preach the more in his region; but at that time I thought it would not suit my arrangements. Now to comply with his request, was the only opening that I could see Providence had made for me.

December 2d, I arrived with my family at my friend D. Hess's in Washington county, Maryland. We were received with affection, and treated with great hostility and kindnes. For which I hope to feel ever grateful to him and his family; and pray that they may be amply rewarded in the great day of retribution.

I left my family at D. Hess's, and continued to preach in different parts of Maryland—into Baltimore several times; and several times in different places in Virginia, until the 27th of March, 1817. Within this time I preached seventy-four times, and traveled about seven hundred miles. I met with many oppositions and persecutions from the Sectarians, whose interest it was to put me down. During this time I sold a great many Hymn books, sermons, and the "Pilgrim's Muse," which I had printed.

March 17th, 1817, my wife brought forth a son, and we named him Lorenzo.

March 27th, 1817, I went on my way, directing my course for the Western country. I preached at my father-in-law's, in Frederick county, Va.

Thence in Stoverstown, Wooodstock, Mount Pleasant, New Market, Harrisonburg, Staunton, Menga's. Thence I traveled all day in the rain. After night, I put up in a disagreeable cabin, where I found no bed, had nothing to eat, tied my horse to a bush, where he remained till morning. At Pattonsburg, Cop's, Fincastle, Salem, Montgomery Court house, Newbern, Sauncer's on New river, in different places in Grayson county, Wythe Court house, where a man passed a twenty dollar counterfeit note on me, which I had afterwards crossed in the bank of Philadelphia.

Thence at different places in Abington, and on to Bean's Station, in Tennessee. Large congregations generally attended, and in some places I saw the work of the Lord prosper, and thought the Lord was with me.

Thence I took the Kentucky road; crossed Clinch mountain and Clinch river, and lay all night on the bank. Here commences a lonesome and extensive wilderness, with here and there a cabin, to take the traveler's money. Passed Tazewell Court house, Powel's river, Cumberland Cape,—a dreary, rugged and desolate part

of the world. A suitable residence, only for the venturous hawk, or the more lofty soaring eagle.

O! the sublimity of nature's works. What tremenduous confusion seems to spread along the distant wild. A thundergust came up. O! what majestic rumbling in the mountain forest. I called at a little hut, on Yellow creek. A mighty hail came on. I came on to Lexington in Kentucky, where I hoped to meet with friends and brethren; but by the influence of R. Dooly, my way was straightened, and my former friends treated me coolly. Thence I went on to Cane ridge, and attended a meeting of the Christian brethren, at Concord, where I wished to have the difficulties settled, but charges not being provable, the matter remained where it had been. From the conduct of the brethren, with many of whom I had formerly enjoyed many happy seasons, and had parted from them in christian fellowship, I was left astonished at the instability and uncertainty of mortal's friendship. I was rejected on the ground of vile and foundless slander.

I found a friend in Dr. Mitchell, and in a few others.

May 8th, as I was making my way to Maysville, in a large forest, the top of a dead tree broke, and fell so sudden, that my creature being

much frightened, suddenly wheeled round and threw me, but a little distance from the ponderous limbs, which otherwise would have crushed me to death. I was somewhat hurt by the fall, but felt unspeakably thankful that my life was preserved. I crossed the Ohio river, at Maysville. I preached in different places in Ohio, and came and held meeting at my brother Griffith's, and at my brother-in-law's, Jacob Little's, in Green county. Thence I preached in different places in the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, till I arrived where my family dwelt, which was on the 20th of May, 1817.

In this journey, I was absent about sixty days, traveled upwards of 1,400 miles, preached forty-seven times, expended forty-seven dollars, and had two dollars and seventy-five cents given me. I met with necessities, hard trials, and much persecution, and was sometimes greatly dejected in my mind, and disgusted at the deception and treachery of many professors of religion.

June 9th, I and my family took our leave of our dear and kind friends in Maryland, and on the 12th, I arrived at my father-in-law's, in Frederick county. Va. I left my family here, and in a few days directed my course for Maryland.

I preached in Battletown, Charlestown, and

at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia. In Pleasant Valley, Middletown, Frederickstown, New Mark et, Popular Springs, New Lisbon, Hiettstown. Clarksburg, and Baltimore, in Maryland. I re turned on the same route, and arrived at my father-in-law's on the 17th of July.

In this journey I was absent twenty-eight days, traveled about three hundred miles, and preached twenty-nine times. Congregations were generally so large that we frequently had to sit in the woods. I saw great success, in some places, attend my labors, and felt glad that priest craft was weakening, and that creeds and confessions were losing their influence.

I preached several times in the neighborhood, and thence on Back creek, at Gonotown, Nesmith's, Hull's, C.'s, L.'s, Forks of Capon, Sandy Ridge meeting house, Park Valley ; at Sandy Ridge again, where I organized a church. Thence I returned to my father-in-law's and found my family well.

In this journey I was absent seven days, traveled about one hundred miles, and preached thirteen times; suffered some necessity, and saw and felt some joyful seasons of the love of God. It was not uncommon, when the people knew where I put up, for them to come in at night, and

fill the house, expecting to hear something from me!

July 30th, I started for the Western country, accompanied by D. Hess, of Maryland. I went through different parts of the State of Ohio, as far back as Mad-river, and the Great Miami. I purchased eighty acres of improved land, of James Love in Rush creek, a few miles from the town of Rushville, in Fairfield county, for which I was to pay eight hundred dollars. I paid him four hundred dollars in hand. The balance was to be paid, one hundred dollars annually; commencing in twelve months after the ensuing April. I returned to my father-in-law's the 27th of August, having been absent four weeks—traveled abut nine hundred miles, and preached seventeen times—many incidents I omit.

September 4th, I directed my course up the country. I preached at Stoverstown, S. Hickle's, Narrow Passage, Biddle's, Hickle's school house, Mount Pleasant, New Market, and on Smith's creek, in Rockingham county. Here I organized a church. Thence I returned on the same route, and arrived at my father-in-law's. I was absent sixteen days, traveled a hundred and forty miles, and preached eighteen times. I met with some persecution—saw some melting effects of the

word preached among the people—had some trials and temptations, and had grace given to console and deliver me.

I must for the present, bring this compend of my travels to a close; necessarily leaving out several years of my life. Though in this space of time, I have passed through some of the most severe and important trials, and remarkable circumstances that have occured during my days.

From sister Christiania Thomas, Grassy Point, Madison co., Ohio, March 27, 1835.

Brother Badger:—I never have seen your face, but your name has long stood high and valuable in my estimation, both as Editor of the *Palladium* and a minister of that gospel which makes free from sin and from the bondage of a proud and tyrannical clergy. More recently you have gained a place in my heart, and Christian affection which I cannot easily describe.

Since my husband has taken his long tour to your country, New York, and left me here to take care of the "stuff," for some time I felt un

easy for his sake, fearing that while among strangers and in an extremely cold climate, he might not meet a kind reception among his strange brethren, and be neglected and left to suffer in a strange land. But by your unexpected and truly gratifying letter to me; by the notice taken of him in the *Palladium*, and by his own letters, I am truly happy to learn that he is universally and kindly received, and that his labors are blest among you.

When I joined with him in matrimony, I agreed never to stand in his way in preaching the gospel, and I have reason to be thankful that God has to this day enabled me with all cheerfulness not only to submit, but to aid him by my prayers, industry, and economy to continue and extend his itinerant labors over the world. He has suffered much for Jesus' sake, for the salvation of perishing sinners he has sacrificed the world. My soul has always went with him in his arduous and distant travels, has panted high for the prosperity of the cause, has participated in his griefs and trials. Anxieties and solicitude have often spread a gloom oxer many solitary and lonesome nights. But the success with which God has often attended his labors, has so often been to me like a morning without a cloud, and as the

brilliant sunshine to my soul. I have gladly suffered with him for the sake of Jesus, and I strongly hope I shall be a sharer of his reward in heaven.

My condition in life confines me at home, but even here Jesus is precious; my soul is often happy and elevated with the news of the *Palladium*, to hear that my Saviour has an humble, free people in the cold and distant state of New York, and that many precious souls are still embracing the gospel there.

Our church is not very large, about forty-five in number, not very popular and wealthy, but I trust they are humble, pious, faithful, relying on God. We have had many happy little meetings, and some refreshing seasons, and a few added to the Lord among us since the absence of Elder Thomas.

I wish you and all the dear brethren in New York, who have administered comfort to my husband, to receive the grateful acknowledgments and warmest thanks from her who intends by the grace of God to meet you in heaven. Let all the sisters who have preaching husbands, whose hearts burn with the holy fire of the ancient evangelist, give them up to God, and be willing to partake of their sufferings that they may share

their reward. I remain the Pilgrim's wife, and your sister in the Lord.

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ELDER JOSEPH THOMAS' LETTER.

Union Vale, Dutchess co., N. Y. March 1, 1835.

Dear Brother:—According to your request, having a moment's leisure, I will narrate to you a few particulars of my journey that have occurred since my last.

At Fonda's Bush, I was joined by my good old brother in Christ, Elder J. Andrews, whom I had seen on Stone's River, Tenn., twenty-five years ago. Our meeting was comforting and encouraging to me, as it renewed and associated many youthful and happy scenes and feelings long gone by, never to be seen and felt in reality again. In the evening I preached to a crowded audience, composed mostly, I suppose, of rigid sectarians, and non-professors. I gave some of their systems a *push* as I passed along, which, without a prop, will give them a *shake*.

Next day I passed on to Craneberry Creek, and preached in Elder Andrews' congregation to a full house. Here my soul felt sweet liberty in proclaiming the *good tidings* to sinners, and the

word seemed to enter the hearts of many. The Lord was with us. From this place I went on to Broadalbin, and preached in a neat and convenient meeting house, belonging to the Christian church, on Thursday evening. In the same place, on Saturday twice, and on Sunday, to very large and solemn congregations. During these meetings the brethren seemed much comforted and strengthened, and many weeping eyes appeared in the solemn crowd. I hope great good will result from this meeting, as we had evidence that the Lord was with us.

From this place I resumed my travel, and on Sunday evening, I met a numerous assembly in Galway. Here great solemnity rested on many countenances, and brethren seemed confirmed in the truth of the gospel. This was a time and place of notice and lasting remembrance with me.

This was a plain, decent, humble, and old fashioned meeting house, and the first house of worship ever erected by the people called Christians in the State of New York, about twenty years since! And here I saw some of the old veterans who first enlisted in the good cause of christian liberty in this State, whose hearts were yet warmly engaged in the spirit of that blessed gospel which made them free. Here I was met

by Elders King, Rider, and Mosher, and yourself, and felt myself highly favored and strengthened to be reinforced by such a phalanx of soldiers, panoplied and so well qualified to fight in the ranks of christian freedom.

From this place, accompanied by Elder Rider, I went to Milton, and at night preached to a few people. The first small congregation I have met in the State. But here we proved that the Lord is not confined to time, nor place, nor numbers, for he bestowed a blessing on the souls of several of his children, who met with us here. On the next morning, I made a visit to that memorable, worthy and almost worn out laborer in the vineyard of the Lord, Elder L. Hathaway, who lives in this vicinity. He is one of the old stock of preachers, brought into the Christian cause, some twenty years ago, when the object of such men were not then to stiff, and starch, and brush up in Babylonish habiliments, and vapor in the world's fashion, but the object was to reform the corruptions of christianity in the simplicity and plainness of the spirit of the gospel. The solemnity of his countenance, the plainness of his hair, the simplicity of his dress, and the aweing dignity of his mien, strongly reminded me of the days of my youth, when our first Christian preachers in the

South forsook Babylon, and all the gaudy trimmings of the world to follow Jesus. Then they were plain, serious, pious, holy, zealous, regardless of popularity, and of the world's admiration, and were astonishingly successful in winning souls to Christ. Long live those first, worthy, weather-beaten herald's of the cross! Our visit was truly pleasant and soul refreshing, and an acquaintance which cannot be erased from my memory.

Here I was joined by Elder J. King, who was to accompany me to my appointments one week. At night, I met a large assembly in Ballston. Here is a neat and spacious Christian meeting house. Our meeting at this place was serious and interesting, and here I saw the good, venerable old sister Miller, who opened her door for the first Christian preacher in the State.

From this place we rode thirty miles, crossed the Mohawk river on the ice, came into the mountains where the snow was very deep and the wind excessively cold. At night I preached to a very large assembly, in a plain and handsome Christian meeting house in Berne. The people were attentive and serious, and I think many good impressions were felt, but here for the first time in all my journey, by the many fatigues I have borne, and the chilling winds of the day, I

failed in strength, and could not finish my discourse. Here I became acquainted with Elder Taylor, whose talents are promising, and whose soul seems to be on fire in the good cause.

From this place, I went on and the next evening I preached at Westerlo, in a plain and spacious Christian meeting house, to a crowded audience. There the Lord was good; I felt strong and happy, and the word went with power to the hearts of many. I tarried the night with Elder Teats, whose kindness refreshed and strengthened me.

From this place we went to New Baltimore, and put up with brother Miller. At night brother King preached, I was unable to attend. Thence we went to Freehold, where a large audience was waiting for me, in a neat and elegant Christian meeting house. Here I preached with uncommon freedom, and the Lord's spirit came down upon us like rain upon the mown grass. This was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Here I became acquainted with Elder Spoor, a gentleman, a Christian and an endeared friend to me. On next day, Sunday, I preached again, at the same place, to a crowded audience. The good Lord again poured out his Spirit, to the great joy of many of his children, and to the ten-

dering of the hearts of some of the ungodly. After sermon, brother Spore conveyed me to New Baltimore, where in the Christian meeting house, at night, I preached to a large and attentive congregation. This was a solemn and interesting season.

In all these regions the Christian cause is respectable, and far ahead of the orthodoxies that surrounded it. Next morning I parted from my dear brother Spore, hoping to meet where the weary rest; and went on my journey, crossed the great river Hudson, on the ice, in company with brothers King and Taylor. On the bank of this river I parted from brother King, who had been a kind and agreeable companion and pilot to me one week. At night, I preached to a large audience in the Christian meeting house, in Clermont. The people were serious, and we had a good time. I tarried the night with Elder Winans. The next day I went on, and preached to an attentive audience in Rock City. Next day in our meeting house in Milan, to a large assembly, where, while I was treating on the nonsensical speculations of the Trinity, two or three bigots fled, and left me conquerer in the field. Here I met with Elder J. Marsh, whom I had seen seven years ago in Ohio. With him I spent an

agreeable night. Next day, I proceeded to Stanfordville, and in a spacious and neat Christian meeting house, preached to a large and solemn audience. At night and on the next day, I preached at the same place. These were softening and refreshing seasons. I put up with brother Sherrill, who with his family treated me kindly, and with whose company I was highly pleased. Thence I came and preached at brother Fowler's to a full audience. This worthy old man and family were kind to me. Thence in our meeting house in this place, this day, (Sunday,) to a large assembly. The people here appeared more careless than common, yet I think the Lord was with us, and the brethren were comforted. The people all have, since my last to you, been kind to me, and in some instances, liberal and bountiful, for which I feel grateful, and hope the Lord will reward them.

In my next, when in New York city, I think I shall give you some general observations. I am yours in Christ.

JOSEPH THOMAS, (Pilgrim.)

[From the Christian Palladium, Vol. 3, No. 22.

ELDER JOSEPH THOMAS.

We have enjoyed the unspeakable pleasurse of spending a week in the company of this distinguished and devoted servant of the most high God. He has a strong constitution and is capable of enduring more fatigue, and preaching more sermons than common men. His mind is also strong, clear and energetic, and his manners purely southern and agreeable. In all the congregations he has visited in this State, he has been received with that friendship and kindness which has ever characterized the churches in this State.

He designs to be at Freehold, Green co., next Sabbath, and will pass on through Dutchess, Putnam, and Westchester counties to New York city. After visiting the New Jersey Conference, we hope he will conclude to extend his mission to all the Conferences in New England. We are confident his visit would be a blessing, and we think he is desirous to accomplish it, if the churches feel disposed to sustain him in his arduous labors. Let all the congregations who may be favored with his visits, show how much they love the truth he brings.

We are authorized to give appointments for him as follows: With Elder Hathaway's congregation in Milton, this evening (the 16th). At the Christian chapel in Ballston, 17th evening. At the Christian chapel in Berne, 18th. With Elder Teats, 19th. With Elder Spore, 20th, 21st, and 22d. With Elder Winans, 23d. With Elder Marsh, at Milan, 24th and 25th. At Sanfordville, 26th and 27th. At Israel Fowlers's 28th. With Elder Roberts, at Clove, March 1st. The second Sabbath in March, he will be in New York with Elder Walter.

[Christian Palladium, Vol. 3, No. 20.

ELDER JOSEPH THOMAS.

Several times with unspeakable pleasure, within six months past we have placed the above name at the head of articles in the *Christian Palladium*; but now the task is painful. While we commence this article, sensations of the most impressive and afflicting kind, press upon our thoughts. A few weeks ago this strong, healthy man in the prime of life; this bold, invincible servant of God—this profound logician and orator, was by our side; our warm friend and able counsellor. A short time ago, thousands of smil-

ing Christians were crowding the chapels in different parts of the country, to hang upon his melting strains. But alas! his work is done! his earthly course is finished! He will never more weep over perishing sinners, or warn them to flee the wrath to come—he will never again stand by the side of the poor mourner, to pour the balm of consolation into the afflicted bosom, nor hold out the hand of friendship to cheer and encourage the humble disciples whose faces are Zionward. No, that voice which imparted such animation and joy, is silent; that hand which was given in token of Christian fellowship is now cold in death.

> "By foreign hands his dying eyes were closed,
> By foreign hands his decent limbs composed;
> In foreign lands they raised his humble mound,
> By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."

Elder Thomas was about forty-four years of age, near six feet high, light complexion, straight, athletic, strong, well proportioned, and was the picture of health. Twenty-eight years of hard labors and suffering, had not debilitated him; he was active, brilliant and cheerful. His name was dear throughout the great valley of the Mississippi, and all the churches in the Southern States. We believe he was a native of North Carolina. His journey East, the past winter, has rendered

him dear to all the churches, and has been a blessing, and has brought him, as we believe, to the zenith of his popularity, and he was ready to depart, and be with Christ.

It is truly singular that four distinguished men, all in the prime of life, who have journeyed from the west to the east, (as far as this State,) within three years past, are now all gone down to the grave. Yes, Kinkade, Miles, Lawrence, and Thomas—faithful servants of the church—bold messengers of Jesus, have left the walls of Zion. Mysterious are the ways of Providence, but we submit; all is right; "the Judge of all the earth will do right."

It is supposed, Elder Thomas took the Small Pox in New York, though not exposed to it, to our knowledge, only by walking the streets. He expired on the 9th of April, 1835, at the residence of Elder J. S. Thompson, Johnsonsburg, New Jersey. We doubt not that every possible attention was rendered him in his last afflictions, by Elder Thompson and his friends. His sufferings were great, but he was patient and resigned, and often named his kind and bereaved family with that tenderness peculiar to his affectionate manners and fine sensibility.

On this melancholy occasion, after describing

his sickness, Elder J. S. Thompson writes to us as follows:—

"Every possible comfort was administered to him, but the skill of physicians and the aid of friends was baffled. We entertained strong hopes of his recovery until one or two of the last days of his life. His earthly sufferings were closed on Thursday, the ninth of this month, between seven and eight o'clock, A. M. His mortal remains were that evening committed to the dust in the burying ground in this place by a few friends. Elder Currier and myself we e present. The next Sabbath Elder Currier preached a funeral sermon from Mat. xxvi, 44. 'Therefore be ye also ready for such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh.' My acquaintance with my deceased brother was short, but I believe he was a worthy and good man. O, how my heart felt for him when he said to me, 'Now this is the Small Pox, (he being unwilling to believe it until he was broke out with it) I fear I shall never see my family again.' But that God, in whom he trusted, was his consolation and hope, and I sincerely believe he has gone from his labors to a heavenly reward.

"Judge ye my feelings that my strange brother was at my humble dwelling not more than fifteen days from his first welcome, hoping for life and to return to his family, must fall by the hand of death, and by strangers be conveyed to the dust, but I have an approving conscience that my duty to him as a stranger has been discharged. Since

his death, I have written to his bereaved widow and children, now fatherless. May the God of the universe verify his promise to be the 'widow's God," and may his fatherless children trust in him forevermore."

The exit of Elder Thomas is a public loss, which will be extensively felt. It is particularly so to us; he was our personal friend—he was a decided friend to the *Christian Palladium* and General Measures; he was calculating to exert all his influence in the West, for a general union of exertion between the East and West. His labors, no doubt, would have accomplished much, and we expect he would have been appointed to fill the office of one of our Executive Committee, as soon as there had been a vacancy. But we are disappointed, and a prominent friend of general measures has fallen, and is cut off in the midst of his days and usefulness. Again, he was pledged to us, and we were every day expecting a communication from him on the subject of our early history in the South. We know of no man now living, so capable of the task. We cannot but indulge the hope that something among his papers, will be found prepared for our use on this subject. We request Elders Thompson and Walter, and Col. Sager to look to this, if it is proper for them to examine his papers. Our his-

tory we fear in the South, will forever be imperfect, unless his pen has been employed on the subject. Elder Thomas wrote a history of his life some years since. He also published quite a volume of poems of his own composition. His likeness was accurately taken in New York, in his white dress. It will probably be engraved for binding with this volume.

We would offer his afflicted family our kindest sympathies in their deep affliction and bereavement. May that religion the husband and father has so long and successfully taught, and which gave him joy and comfort in his last moments, be their hope and never failing portion. We feel thankful that his lot in his sickness was cast among kind friends. We well know the kindness and constitutional benevolence of Elder Thompson; the suffering stranger could not have fallen into kinder hands.

While our aged ministers are dropping off, was it not for the vast number of young men who are coming forward, a heavy gloom would gather and over-shadow our prospects. But the Great Eternal God presides; his cause is our cause, and his mighty truth will live and exert a happy influence, and make men free, when all the faithful watchmen who now boldly stand forth in de-

fence of the gospel, shall slumber with brother Thomas in the sweet repose of death.

We have just received the following tribute to the memory of Elder Thomas, from a worthy correspondent, which we admit with pleasure, and also request Elder Millard not to forget this case when his mind is in the right state :

Farewell to thee, my brother—thou art gone to be at rest—
The master's summons calleth thee to mansions of the blest ;
To join with the redeemed ones, and with them ever stand,
In spotless robes around God's throne—a radient, holy band.

Farewell to thee, my brother—the cross thou hast lain down,
To bear the palm of glory, and to wear a starry crown,
In that land of peace and gladness, a happy, joyful guest—
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Farewell to thee, my brother—for the voice divine hath spoken;
The seal of death is on thee now, the golden bowl is broken.
We give thee back to dust again—the mortal to the sod—
Peace to thy slumber, brother—we will not chide the rod.

But we'll think upon thee, brother, as still we journey on,
And hope to strike glad hands with thee, when our pilgrimage is done,
Where death can never enter, nor sorrow rend the breast—
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

MERITI AMICUS.

PREFACE TO THE POEMS.

What I am, as a poet, must be left to a scrutinizing public. If these poems should come before the Literati, the Reviewer, or the self-created Critic, whose business and whose delight it is, to find faults, and to declaim Columbia's Muse; and within whose faleon claws many useful and aspiring geniuses have suffered a painful and lingering death; they should remember who I am, and whence I came. By reading the preceding sketch, they may learn that I was born in obscurity, and have struggled into their notice only by nature's force.

I have read no language but my own, and have traveled no land but the land of FREEMEN. Their country has a long sea-side strand, indented with noble rivers, bays and harbors, where ride a thousand gallant vessels, ladened with the riches of the globe, interspersed with towns and cities,

whose lofty spires and magnificent structures, be speak an enterprizing and patriotic nation. Their country has its mountains too, stretching from one boundary to the other, where nature has played her wildest freaks, and exhibited her most gigantic wonders. Their country has its Western forests, where awful solitude reigns—its beauteous plains, where variegated flowers and roses bloom as far as eye explores—its copious rivers pouring from unknown lands to the ocean. Here beauty, variety and sublimity, unite and constitute the most propitious land on the face of nature. This is the country I have traveled—the only field which has furnished my imagery, and inspired my muse.

I have been constrained, for years past, to court the muses with assiduity and great delight; but dare not say that one of them has deigned to smile on me! I have courted them, not so much in Libraries, as in the lonesome mountains, and the diversified fields of nature. Not within the walls of Colleges; but among the grass-grown graves of the dead, and the silent tomb stones.

Not so much in the cities and the world's gay bustle, as along the moss-grown banks of the meadow streams, or on the margin of the babbling brooks, that play along the sequestered wilds. There have I seen them lave their snow-white limbs in the lucid wave; but coy of my approach have frequently retired beyond my ascent the towering steeps of great Parnassus. Oft have I pursued their flight till clouds and frowning shades have hid them from my view. Oft have I searched in their frequented and solitary haunts, their fairy traces, and bowry seats, among the ivies, the cyprus shades, and green woods, till I, as oft, have became bewildered, exhausted and nopeless!

And were it not for the infinite pleasure I feel in gaining a distant and transient glimpse of the soul transporting form of famed URANIA, I would long since, have ceased my overtures in utter despair. But she has fascinated me. By some magic spell she has wooed me to her haunts, where, at distance I sit in silent but pleasing melancholy, and listen to the inimitable notes

that fill her varied song. The melting music that warbles in her airs, has thrilled through my veins, and inspired in me a rude imitation of her soul-entrancing carols.

I have not mused in silent halls, without the cares and wants of life to interrupt my meditations, nor have I written these poems where ease and books and literary friends have surrounded me; but in the midst of oppressive trials, cares, and wants—on the side of the road, when weary and hungry—on the banks of rivers, or on the mountain's top; or when I could retire a moment from the clamors of a strange family, or steal a welcome hour from hard manual labor, the most of them have been brought forth.

Poems, &c.

From the "Christian Palladium," Vol. 4, No. 4.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELDER JOSEPH THOMAS.

By Eld. W. Laure.

Pilgrim, farewell! thy funeral knell has rung,
Thy race is ended, and thy work is done.
Thou art gone from time; thy body is at rest;
Thy soul, transported, shines among the blest.
Thrice happy soul! thus by thy Master fed;
Jesus, thy Shepherd, has in safety led
Thee through to pastures green, where thou shalt shine,
And solace in the beams of love divine.

Yon little hillock marks the spot where lies
The man of God, who, to obtain the prize,
Forsook in youth earth's fascinating charms,
Eager to clasp true riches in his arms.
Through trials sore he ran the heavenly way
To the bright climes of everlasting day—

His sun is set, the storm of life is o'er :
The much loved, useful THOMAS is no more !

No more on earth art thou in sorrow found ;
No more a weeping pilgrim, traveling round,
To bear the tidings of salvation free,
And sound aloud the glorious Jubilee.
Oh, no ! thy work has hastened to a close,
And angels borne thy spirit to repose.
We mourn thy loss with many a falling tear,
While Heaven forbids the wish to hold thee here.

Whilst here on earth, how many a secret sigh
Roll'd through that sainted bosom, now on high !
How often flow'd the sympathetic tear
With friends and kindred which he held most dear !
Wife, children, home, obedient to the call
He for the sake of Jesus gave up all,
In distant lands the flag of truth to wave,
And in a distant land he found a grave.

Forbear to murmer, humbly kiss the rod,
And bow submissive to the will of God.
The pilgrim's gone—his work on earth is ended ;
His pure spirit has to heaven ascended.
There, rob'd in WHITE, while glory crowns his brow,
At Jesus' feet with raptured millions bow.

Oh, glorious state! where all the saints shall dwell
In perfect bliss, no more to say, "Farewell!"

ON MY NEW PEN.

You now are new, you look quite fair,
But you are formed for toil and care;
You soon must plunge within that ocean,
Where you must swim in vast commotion!
Your fate's unknown, but I will say,
You'll meet with tempests in the way
Unless you sail with every tide,
And make each veering wind your guide,
Surrounding hosts of furious foes,
Will from afar, your course oppose;
And all combine to sink and drown you,
And in the deep with vengeance frown you,
One thing that augurs ill, I think,—
You're doom'd to dabble in the ink!
The task that seems laid out for you,
Is quite unpleasant—painful too.
If you intend to be correct,
The faults of men you must detect,
And tell them of their sins and blunders,
In melting strains, and loud as thunders,
Like maddened bees they'll then arise,
And sting you deep, your words despise.

For your advice they'll loudly blame you—
Misrepresent and much defame you.
My dear young friend, now let me say,
You'd better tread the beaten way;
And never fail all men to flatter,
If right, or wrong, that makes no matter,
Look o'er their faults, and let them be,
What others do is naught to thee.

Go join yourself to some big creed,
And that will license every deed;
Your friends will then in swarms surround you,
And priestly ease and wealth abound you,
The world will then admire the feather,
Caress and praise you altogether!
When you behold the priests' corruptions,
And all their craft and interruptions,
Say not a word against their plan,
But join the most applauded clan;
Be priest yourself that interest take,
And then be mute for conscience' sake;
You'll find it will your store increase,
To shear the flock and take the fleece,
Pen up your fold within their bounds,
Nor let them tread forbidden grounds!
Go feed them on old Popish stuff,
On men's inventions, huge and rough,
And swell them up with pride and fashion,

And give them John's or Martin's ration!
They'll scarcely then suspect you wrong,
But loudly praise you in the throng,
They'll love, and fear, strictly obey you,
And for your service richly pay you.
Now take my word, while you are young,
Lest you be beaten, bruis'd and stung.
And if you will be wayward led,
You may too late think what I've said.

To this the pen in warmth replied,
Thou hypocrite and worse beside,
To try to lead me from the truth,
And make me Devil in my youth,
Your sage advice I must despise,
And deem it fruitless and unwise;
I heard it with surprise and horror,
It fill'd my soul with grief and sorrow.
I see mankind by priests are blinded,
But few sincere and honest minded,
They've made religion cloak to hide,
The works of darkness, sin and pride.
I will not crowd their beaten way,
But tell them they are gone astray.
I'll take the word of God in hand,
And on that rock by faith I'll stand,
And loud oppose the priests' inventions,
Their numerous creeds, and bad intentions.

And though I should be quite alone,
And represented sad, forlorn;
Though priests should rise in hosts around me,
They shall not daunt, nor once confound me.
I'll try to teach the truth, and say,
Beware of priests, their craft and way,
Their orthodox is now astray!
I care not what they say of me,
I was a quill, and quill I'll be,
I'll mark their faults—their faults I'll scribble,
Though they may rage and loudly quibble;
I will not seek my future fame,
Nor sink at censure on my name;
I'll speak in prose and various measure,
Without regard to earthly treasure.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of RICE HAGGARD, an eminent preacher of the Gospel—well known, and highly esteemed, in the South and the West by the Christian brethren. He died at an advanced age in Champaign county, Ohio, when on a journey to preach the Gospel.

O! Haggard! thou hast left the house of clay,
And wing'd thy passage to immortal day!
Kind Angels hail'd thee to their bright abode,
And shouted welcome, valiant son of God.

Imagination points me now thy throne,

Among the saints and highest seraphs known,
There dwells thy spirit, and forever reigns,
Triumphant in high heaven's supernal plains.

No storms distress thee in thy sweet repose,
But heavenly peace on thee thy God bestows.
Thy toils are ended, and thy fortunes found,
Where golden treasures and rich spoils abound,
Eternal honors crown thy worthy brow,
And scenes celestial open to thee now!

I hail thee gladly in thy robes of white,
On streets of gold—in mansions of delight.
No howling winds, nor tempests beat thee there,
Nor earthly wants to generate thy care,
Thou hast escap'd thy native land below,
To ever live where trees ambrosial grow;
Thou hast behind thee, left a name revered,
That once consoled the saint, and sinners fear'd?

In youth thy God commanded thee away,
From fond pursuits and objects of the day—
To leave the plough, and all thy friends around,
To seek a Saviour and the gospel sound.

Thy parents poor, had never taught thee then
To read the Bible, nor to use the pen;
But in the smooth sand thou didst learn to write,
And taught thyself to read by faggot light!

Not long till science shone upon thy mind,

Thy sins forsaken and thy soul refined,
The Saviour's call to sound the Jubilee,
Was loudly heard and then obey'd by thee.

In melting strains thy youthful voice was heard,
And weeping eyes among the crowds appear'd;
Thy son'rous voice, like silver trumpet's sound,
Awak'd the sinner from his sleep profound;
Convinced him he was on the downward way,
Constrained him to repent, to weep and pray.

Thy friend's—a num'rous train, now left in tears,
To mourn thee absent for some tedious years,
Do fondly hope to meet thee once again,
Where death is foil'd in heav'ns extended plain.

ON WINTER.

Farewell, ye pleasant shades and blooming flow'rs,
Ye passing zephyrs and refreshing showers,
Farewell, ye plumy birds in mellow lay,
And all ye pleasures of a summer's day.

Cold winter comes and nips with frost the bloom,
And shrouds the forests with a sullen gloom;
He binds the mellow earth in icy chains,
And shakes his hoary locks and grimly reigns.

He comes in howling tempests, frosts and snow,
And swells his chilly blasts on all below;
He drives his northern storms along the sky,
And growls loud terrors as he passes by.
Dark clouds presage his giant presence near,
And forests loose the foliage of the year;
He binds the waters—flings his snows amain,
And drifts the mountain and the distant plain.

Beneath his steps a thousand insects die,
And skulking beasts unite a frighted cry,
His chilling breath makes nature's beauties fade,
Despoils the umbrage of the bow'ry shade.
The songs are hush'd that thrill'd along the plain,
And flocks and heards lie down with sullen pain;
The summer birds have fled his chilling sway,
To chaunt their notes along in milder day;
The plains and forests mourn his frosty hand,
The feeble sun scarce peeps upon the land.

So shall the days of youthful sports be sped,
And wintry age shall whiten on the head,
No revel scenes to cheer the old man's pow'rs,
But dull and cheerless drag his tedious hours;
The charms of earth now fading in his eye,
Bid him farewell, and far forever fly!

THE RURAL CHRISTIAN

There lives a man remote from pride,
From ostentation free,
The holy spirit is his guide—
But few so kind as he.

No gorgeous pillars prop his dome,
Nor pompous art display'd;
But there remains his humble home,
Immersed in willow shade.

Around this antique dwelling grows,
The sweet perennial flowers,
That scent the zephyr as it blows
Along the leafy bowers.

The waving blue grass makes the green,
And woos the passing eyes;
While flowing shrub'ry deck the scene,
And Lombard poplars rise.

A fruitful garden then extends
Along the passing way;
And with surrounding beauty blends,
And crowns the toils of May.

But all this outward rural bloom,
Can faintly point to thee,

The bliss that decks the cottage room,
When strangers come to see.

The wants of nature are supplied,
By mercy's tender hand;
With this the man is satisfied,
And would no more demand.

His humble wife and children sweet,
In harmony unite;
And round the throne of mercy meet—
Enjoy supreme delight.

There meekness, peace and friendship dwell,
Upon that hallow'd ground;
And from each breast sweet praises swell,
For blessings they have found.

His wealth is more than shining dust,
Or more than kings bestow—
A hope of crowns that cannot rust,
Releas'd from earth below.

RETIREMENT.

Let me retire from noisy life,
From cares of wealth and scenes of strife,
And build my cottage where
Kind nature gives a cooling spring,

And merry birds wild anthems sing,
And flowers spontaneous there.

From sordid cares my mind would soar,
And trace the ways of God the more,
And swell his praises high;
My wants but few would be supplied,
I'd seek no more on earth beside,
But look beyond the sky.

Should winter blow his Boreal storm,
I'd make my little cottage warm,
And gather round the fire;
My babes would smile and prattle sweet,
My wife, myself, and all would meet,
In one harmonic choir.

I'd teach the infant mind to pray,
And point it to a brighter day,
Than transient suns can give;
I'd join myself in holy song,
The praise of God I would prolong,
And thus I'd wish to live.

Should vernal suns expand the green,
And blooming beauties deck the scene,
I'd take the pleasant share;
To cultivate a little soil,
And see my labors and my toil,
A welcome harvest bear.

The world might pass me by with scor
Esteem me wretched and forlorn,
Not worthy of her train;
She might not know I had a name,
Unless it were contempt and shame,
Erratic in the brain.

But why should I regard the world?
With all her glories wide unfurl'd,
And all her golden store?
She proffers more than she contains,
Her pleasures turn to grief and pains,
And satisfy no more.

Her noisy sons who dash the street
And scorn their equals when they meet,
Know not their danger nigh;
But soon, alas! their race will end,
And then without a heavenly friend,
How wretched must they die!

But me, the giddy world knows not,
Obscured within my rural cot,
I have what nature gives;
For me the sun shines bright and clear,
For me refreshing rains appear,
For me the harvest lives.

I envy not the rich man's store,
I have his share, and ten times more,

A heavenly peace within;
My God in all his works I praise
To him my raptur'd soul I raise,
Above the world and sin.

THE POLAR STAR.

All hail! thou midnight constant guide,
Thou steady polar star;
The sailor on the stormy tide,
Salutes thee from afar.

When wind and billows long prevail,
And clouds of darkness rise,
Then sailors' art and courage fail,
Beneath inclement skies.

On boist'rous seas unfriendly tossed,
The vessel runs astray;
The pilot has his compass lost,
Nor knows the dang'rous way.

But when the clouds disperse and fly,
And heaven grows calm and clear,
He sees thee shining in the sky,
And bids farewell to fear.

His course direct, by thee he learns,
And seeks the destined strand;

The dangers of the deep discerns,
And finds his native land.

The lonely pilgrim as he strays,
Nor devious path can see,
May boldly tread the sylvan maze,
And safely trust in thee.

But should the sky thick clouds resume,
And hide thee from his sight,
He's lost! and wanders in the gloom,
And wanders from the right.

Ah! could we always see thee plain,
Nor clouds to interpose,
We then could ride the stormy main,
Nor fear the wind that blows.

But yonder shines a brighter beam,
Amid the throne of heaven;
His blest illuminating gleam,
Lights up the darkest eve'n.

While sailing on the tide of life,
The boist'rous billows roll,
The stormy winds of angry strife,
Alarm the fainting soul.

Sometimes how dark the hemisphere,
How roll the seas below—
How nigh the rocks of death appear,
How strong the tides of wo!

My vessel tossed on distant seas,
Her sails are ripped and torn;
She reels before the stormy breeze,
And makes me pensive mourn.

But all the dangers that arise,
Can't make me yet despair;
I see my pilot in the skies,
Who smiling, points me there.

This steady star I keep in sight,
As on the waves I'm driven;
The veering breeze may blow me right,
And land me save in heaven.

Then let me not so much complain,
And let me weep no more;
This star directs across the main,
Towards a peaceful shore.

Propitious star, forever shine,
And never withdraw from me;
Direct this devious course of mine,
Over this tempestuous sea.

O! lead me on to those bright plains,
Where my rich treasure lies;
Where saints immortal feel no pains,
Nor tears bedew their eyes.

THE ROSE.

Within the garden there expands,
A blooming fragrant flower ;
That captivates me, as it stands,
With its enchanting power.

Its modest grace, and sweet perfume,
So harmonize together,
Old Eden can't its tints assume,
In lovely vernal weather !

Its sweet companions smile around,
And wave their proudest orders,
But such a beauty can't be found,
In all the flowery borders.

Its dress is rich beyond compare,
Plain, humble, unassuming,
More beauteous than its kindred fair,
More od'rous, sweet and blooming.

Kind nature hath on it impress'd,
A rich perfume to lave it,
We long remember it is blest
Though winds annoy and wave it.

But, O ! this sweet enchanting rose,
How thick with thorns surrounded—

I've tried to pluck it, as it grows,
But often have been wounded.
Its thorns have pierced me to the sense,
Before I thought of danger,
And frequently inflict offence,
To the incautious stranger.

The full blown rose will fade away,
Its glory soon be blighted,
Its beauty wither and decay,
Not worthy to be plighted.

There is a rose of sweeter grace,
And ever more inviting,
It is the lovely female face,
With all her charms delighting.

This lovely, captivating form,
The raptured soul surprises;
The stoic heart, her features warm,
While strange attachment rises.

Here virtue, beauty, grace conjoined,
In every blooming feature,
How tender, sweet and well refined,
Infatuating creature!

No jewel half so priz'd I see,
The best and richest treasure,
A faithful friend she's prov'd to me,
The meed of human pleasure.

But, O ! that bloom may soon decay,
With clouds be overshaded,
I would lament the ruthless day,
That saw her scath'd and faded.

But should the bloom in virtue shine,
I always will remember,
That tender friend—I call her mine,
In frosts of bleak December.

'Tis virtue that will never fade,
Let virtue's robes adorn her,
I then will love her in the shade,
And will not, cannot scorn her.

A DIRGE.

Lord, what am I ? Ah, who can say ?
A man ! a worm ! a clod of clay !
Ingenious form, of wond'rous birth,
Of high degree, a child of earth.

Corrupted matter, low confined,
Possess'd of spirit closely joined,

Impoverish'd reptile, drowned in woes,
Without a friend—pursued by foes.

My life, how like the gliding stream ;
Or like the nightly vanish'd dream ;

My transient day is nothing more,
Than bubbles bursting on the shore.

The oceans tow'ry billows rise,
And seem to climb amid the skies,
But soon they sink, and roll away,
Not co-existent with the day.

So would I vainly place my seat,
That men should move beneath my feet,
But soon, alas! I must descend,
Where dust enfolds our earthly end.

But tho' I have short time to stay,
In this imprisoned tent of clay,
I have a mind—that mind can trace
Beyond the grave, a boundless space.

This reasoning sense, a part divine,
Death can't destroy, nor grave confine,
That speaks a God, proclaims an hour,
When death shall lose his tyrant pow'r.

I feel within, a lucid ray,
That ope's to me eternal day,
An ardent sense to grasp a prize,
Not found where earthly treasure lies.

I will forsake those swarms that play,
Like floating gnats on summer's day,
That skim along like butterflies,
And fell unfledg'd with sad surprise.

I claim no kin to their gay race,
I count their pride my low disgrace,
Their wealth, their pleasure, and their fame,
Are flitting shades—an empty name.

I claim my kindred, not with earth,
And none but those of heavenly birth;
No hoards I seek of golden ore,
But look for treasures valued more.

The earth can't long confine me here,
I'll bid farewell without a tear,
To all her cares, and mount the skies,
And sieze my lov'd, immortal prize.

A THOUGHT ON WAR.

Like mighty storms on winter's sky,
Descending from the hills,
That rake destruction as they fly,
And sweep the trembling rills.

So war with his attendant host
Approximates the field,
There champion chiefs their courage boast,
Nor will the contest yield.

They give command and rush amain,
The soldiers bleed around,

And countless numbers lick the plain,
And bleed upon the ground.
When foaming streams together meet,
And toss their surges high,
When on the rocky shallows beat,
The rooted forests die.

So chief with chief, and man with man,
In battle's dread affright,
Commix and rage, and kill who can,
And heap the bloody sight.

From wing to wing the carnage runs,
No hiding place is near,
Wide wasting death, in cannon guns,
In sword, in dart and spear.

A thousand thunders shake the sky,
The frighted clouds look pale,
A thousand heroes gasp and die,
And blanch upon the vale.

Promiscuous slaughter raves along,
And thins the rank and file,
How soon, alas! he wastes the throng,
And heaps the reeking soil.

Relations, friends and brothers dear,
In murd'rous conflict meet,
And stain with blood the polish'd spear,
And die at other's feet.

Let ocean break divine decrees,
And whelm the guilty shore;
Let pestilence the cities siege,
And slay a thousand more.

Let earthquakes shake the distant strand,
And wide dispart the earth;
Alarm the nations as they stand,
And stop their guilty mirth.

Let famine rage along the plain,
And waste our wicked race,
Let glutton'd monarchs feel the pain,
And wear a haggard face.

And should our crimes yet more inflame,
O Lord, thy dreadful ire,
Then teach us all our guilt and shame,
By mildews, blasts and fire.

These are thy scourges, Lord, we know,
To humble human pride,
But stay thy hand, nor strike the blow,
And better things provide.

But war with his attendant woes,
Is not from thee, divine,
From hellish passions he arose,
And no descent of thine.

Let nations know the gospel strain,
And hear the Saviour's lore;
Let them the christian cause maintain
And war shall be no more.

Let swords be made to plough the field,
And spears to sickles turn;
O, may the world to Jesus yield,
And his example learn.

THE VERNAL SEASON.

Farewell, thou stormy rig'rous blast,
Your gloomy horrors now are past,
And all your frowns seren'd at last,
By smiles of lovely spring.
From orient realms the vernal sun,
Appears again—the prize is won,
His cheerful beams reviving run,
And make creation sing.

The torpid insects move again,
Forget the gripe of winter's chain,
And scatter o'er the smiling plain,
And tell their modes of joy;
A thousand notes of music sweet,
Resound aloud from each retreat,

With one accord the songsters meet,
And all their tongues employ.

The savage beasts of fiercer flame,
The herds and flocks of ev'ry name,
Their various joys aloud proclaim,
While sounding anthems swell;
The far sequestered forests join,
The heaths and meadows all combine,
And sound aloud the hymn divine,
The God of nature tell.

Unnumbered charms attract the sight,
The purple, blue and spotless white,
That dress all nature with delight,
Inflame my ravish'd soul;
The umbrage of the distant trees,
The pinks awaken'd by the breeze,
The blushing rose, well formed to please,
My senses sweet control.

The orchards smile in fragrant bloom,
The desert wastes their flowers asume,
And wanton zephyrs waft perfume,
Along the passing air;
The lofty mountains ope their green,
The low sunk vales that lie between,
Put on the beauty of the scene,
And wave enchantment there.

Let stoic hearts conjoin to sing,
The parent of returning spring,
And mount on soft celestial wing,
Above the earthly clod;
Let nature teach their souls to raise
Unceasing thanks and songs of praise,
And mingle in harmonic lays,
To their Creator God.

The scene how like the vernal years,
When youth in every face appears,
And nought to start the trickling tears,
Nor cause the rising sigh;
The rapt'rous prospects wide extend,
While hope and joy each other blend,
The flattered youth desires no end,
And thinks no blasts are nigh.

Remember that the rose will fade,
And all the beauty of the glade,
With all the foliage of the shade,
Shall droop and die again;
So may the fondest, blooming face,
The object of an am'rous race,
Soon wither into cold disgrace,
And leave the heart in pain.

Temptations haunt the female's way,
By chance the fondest passions may

Allure to danger, quite astray,
O youth, be well aware;
Be modest, virtuous—ever try,
Trust not the fancy of your eye,
Lest from your heart your comfort fly,
And leave a sorrow there.

Behold the time is drawing near,
When transient charms shall disappear,
Again all nature shall be drear,
And chant no more to you;
Endure a chaste and virtuous toil,
Enjoy the season with a smile,
And take a large immortal spoil,
For that shall be your due.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

The vernal season bloomed around,
The sky was clear and mild,
I mused upon the scene profound,
Without a thought defiled.

The fainting sun declined my view,
Low sunken in the west,
His golden beams through ether flew,
And charmed my thinking breast.

Calm may my moments roll away,
And not a crime be seen,
Nor darkening clouds conclude my day
Nor tempest intervene.

And when this life on earth shall end,
And day shall close in night;
Then may my soul to heaven ascend,
To hail supernal light.

Then can my friends in raptures say,
The pilgrim's gone to rest,
He's wing'd along his airy way,
To be forever blest.

THOUGHTS OF RETIREMENT.

O could I find some distant spot,
Amid wild nature's bowers,
'Tis there I'd build my humble cot,
And spend remaining hours.

I need not then forget to sleep,
Nor should my soul repine,
For cruel wrongs I need not weep,
Nor blush for deeds not mine.

The richest man I'd envy not,
With all his silken pride,

I'd pitty his unhappy lot,
With servants at his side.

His gold, his purple and his lace,
And all his pompous store,
Will run him through an airy race,
And leave him wretched, poor.

I want my portion, not of dross,
Nor outward gaudy show,
What this proud world esteems but loss,
And melancholy wo.

A golden treasure safe in heaven,
A crown of glory there,
The crimes committed be forgiven,
My Saviour's image bear.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE EVENING STAR.

Let me admire you evening star,
Bright beaming in the west,
He rides on his ethereal car,
To light the world to rest.

The murmurs of the distant stream,
Come rolling on the ear,
While glances of his silv'ry beam
Around his groves appear.

Alas! how short, though blest, his stay,
With this our dreary world.
His welcome hours roll fast away,
How soon in darkness furl'd

Farewell, if thou must hasty go,
And leave me here alone,
Cease not to shine on travelers low,
And cheer them when they groan.

Transcendent light! thou heavenly beam,
Now on my soul arise,
And wake me from my fairy dream,
And brighten round my skies.

O never roll thyself away,
But shine forever clear,
That I may walk in cloudless day,
And lose my nightly fear.

THE WONDERS OF CREATION.

I'll sing aloud creation's wonders,
And praise my God in every lay,
And speak of lightnings, roaring thunders,
That fill the heart with dread dismay.
O stop ye vain, and look around you,
Behold the blackness of the sky,

The terrors of a God confound you,
As raving whirlwinds pass you by.

All nature quakes at death so nigh her,
And trembles at the steps of God;
Electric matter flashes fire,
And mountains shudder at his nod.
Great hail storms from the clouds descending,
Fall rapid on the trembling ground,
Strong trees before the tempest bending,
Groan sadly with the dismal sound.

Now let me trace the starry regions,
When sable clouds are roll'd away;
Astonished see the shining legions,
Irradiate the close of day.
I see the orbs of lucid glory,
Roll swift along the realms of night,
But who can tell their mystic story,
Or trace their far ethereal flight.

Imagination's highest flying,
Can never bound the ample place,
Where those revolving globes are vieing
In tracts of wide eternal space.
The moon in lunar blaze advances,
And climbs the firmament on high,
While every star in glory dances,
Far round the vast extended sky.

The sun appears in brighter blazes,
And pours his floods of light around,
He rolls along his louder praises,
Nor once forgets the song profound.
His presence cheers the earth with gladness,
And all the nations hail him near ;
Before him flies chaotic sadness,
And sable spectres disappear.

I now will view the earth around me,
And see th'extended scene below ;
Here wonders rising still astound me,
Where rivers, seas and fountains flow.
There lies the great, expansive ocean,
Old mother of the distant spring,
Raised into high, tremendous motion,
By Neptune's wide encircling wing.

The rivers' far sequestered sources,
Unceasing search the distant main,
Thro' rugged mountains burst their courses,
Nor once attempt to start in vain ;
Through fertile vales they often wander,
In lonely deserts push their way ;
'Tis on their banks I often ponder,
Upon life's swift descending day.

For on the lofty mountain's bower,
I have beheld the distant scene,

The marks of a creative power,
In every object intervene.
The far projected rocks ascending,
Sublimely fills the roving eye,
The ruder steeps around extending,
Seem lost amidst the azure sky.

Far off I see the rural village,
And wide surrounding meadows there.
The fertile vallies smile with tillage,
And waving harvests richly bear;
Methinks I see the rustic smiling,
While ruddy milk maids pass along;
O would they in their daily toiling,
Ascribe to God their constant song.

A PRAYER IN TROUBLE.

I long to rise and soar away,
And leave distress behind;
O would those clouds that make me stray,
Forsake this troubled mind.

O would the sun once more arise,
And shine forever bright,
That I might wipe my weeping eyes,
And bid farewell to-night.

Too long, alas! I've been oppressed,
With sorrow, grief and sin,
And none but Christ can make me blest,
Or give me peace within.

'Tis for his sake I'd leave all things,
Upon this earthly sphere,
O, had I but celestial wings,
I'd soon with him appear.

ODE ON THE PRIMEVAL AGES.

My flut'ring fancy flies along,
O'er all the wide creation,
The ard'ous flight she would prolong,
See each and every nation,
View golden days by poets sung,
When harmony abounded,
And man and Eden were but young,
And vocal praise resounded.

She there would pause and look around,
To see the plains extended,
And hark to hear the song profound,
Of ev'ry creature blended.
Along the margin of the glade,
Were copious rivers gliding,

Promiscuous flocks beneath the shade,
In mutual bliss abiding.

The elements of nature slept,
Nor heard were storms and thunder,
No man had ever sigh'd or wept,
Nor caus'd to quake and wonder.
Young zyphyrs gently fann'd the rose,
And played along the bow'rs,
Transporting joys, unmixed with woes,
Refreshed the cheerful hours.

She there beholds all men unite,
No rumors heard among them,
The law of love was law of right,
Nor conscious guilt had stung them.
Propitious nature gave them bread,
She gave them milk and honey,
With liberal hand each one was fed,
Without the aid of money.

No blood had stain'd their harmless hands,
Unknown were wars and plunder,
No foe had found their peaceful lands,
To cut their cords asunder;
Shepherds and swains in concert meet,
To tune the Edenian lyre,
Matrons and maids each other greet,
And join the gleeful choir.

Their festivals were crowned with joy,
All had an equal portion,
A thousand tongues the song employ,
Far distant from commotion;
No changing clime had yet been seen,
Nor elevated mountains,
The vocal plains were ever green,
Refresh'd by cooling fountains.

Long lived those sons in Eden born,
No foul disease annoyed them,
No hapless child was found forlorn,
No pestilence destroyed them;
A thousand years were as a day—
A day of purest pleasure,
The sky serene—it rolled away,
And crowned their earthly treasure.

THE ALLUREMENTS OF THE WORLD FORSAKEN.

Kind heaven command my soul away,
From all sublunar things,
Nor let me make a moment's stay,
Beneath a seraph's wings.

I've seen the world unfold her arms,
And spread her smiles around,

But anguish broods beneath her charms,
And hidden tears abound.

She bears a cup of fancied joys,
And dances as she goes;
The sons of folly she decoys,
And leaves them drown'd in woes.

O, let me fly from her below,
And seek my constant rest,
Where tranquil joys serenely flow,
In heav'nly grace possess'd.

Let me arise above the fame,
Of riches and renown,
Above an earthly monarch's name,
To an immortal crown.

My soul from all pollution clean,
Shall soar above the world,
Tho' at me all her arrows lean,
With all her rage unfurl'd.

Let me from all her haunts retreat,
Her dazzling charms forbear,
Nor may the wandrings of my feet,
Be found familiar there.

I sing farewell to friendship here,
To all the world's delight;
Her proudest glories disappear,
And close in endless night.

ODE TO SPRING.

Hail! thou lovely vernal season,
Welcome to this cheerless earth,
Welcome to our sense and reason,
Parent of reviving birth.
Earth is full of music sounding,
Nature smiles in blushing grace,
At thy presence swarms abounding,
Singing in their new-born race.

Now the groves and distant mountains,
Ope their umbrage to the day,
On the meads along the fountains,
Bleating lambkins frisk and play.
Wintry storms have ceased their blowing,
Gentle breezes fan the sky,
Birds are singing, herds are lowing,
Hungry beasts forget to sigh.

Morning zephyrs wake the roses,
Sweet flow'rs dress the vales below,
On the lawn the swain reposes,
Hears the brooks in murmurs flow;
Larks awake our morning slumbers,
With an early song of praise,

Vocal groves with various numbers,
Fill the earth with tuneful lays.

Come on ye mild refreshing showers,
Swell the bosom of the earth,
Wake up the vegetative powers,
Let them have a fruitful birth;
O, let me see the orchards blooming,
Rustics healthy plough the green,
And the milk maid unassuming,
Pensive moving over the scene.

Wake up the heart and tune the lyre,
Sing an anthem to the sky,
Let male and female form the choir,
Raise seraphic music high,
Join the song, ye pensive, fearful,
Send it up to God in heaven,
Let the soul be always cheerful,
Always tranquil, smooth and even.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE MOON.

O moon! arise, fair nymph of heav'n,
Unveil thy lovely face,
Shine o'er the hills, light up the ev'n,
Nor stay thywelcome race.

Thou comest forth a blushing maid,
All mantled o'er with gold,
Before thee flies the misty shade,
And clouds are from thee roll'd.

Thy golden beams are hail'd with joy,
Among the woodmen here,
The lonely shepherd and his boy,
With new strung harps appear.

The smiling hills and mountains glow,
With glancing dew-drops bright,
The babbling brooks with pleasure flow
Along the silent night.

I've seen thy twinkling beams,
Along the darksome shade,
Then rais'd alone, a solemn song,
And nightly fears were laid.

But in one night of solemn toil,
Thy face shall blush in blood,
And from thy orbit thou shalt roll,
Far through a fiery flood!

Thy deep blue shall then be lost,
Thy disk no more shall glow,
Thyself in wrecks of matter toss'd,
Shall to that ruin go!

But now thou dost in splendor ride,
In thy ethereal car.
Expand thy smiles of gladness wide,
And send thy glories far.

Disperse your clouds, ye winds that blow,
And let this maid of night,
In full effulgence blaze below,
And give the shades her light.

So may my clouds of error fly,
And light within arise,
That I may fear no danger nigh,
Beneath my cloudless skies.

THE WORLD TURNED PEACOCK.

Among domestic fowls I see,
Whate'er his name or nature be,
He is a fop, I answer thee,
And loves to show his feathers;
When vernal suns serene the skies,
He struts about and proudly tries,
To show his graces to our eyes,
And looks disdain on others.

I grant 'tis beauty there we find,
In that long train he drags behind,

He looks quite gay and well refin'd,
No other half so gaudy;
He wide expands his plumage round,
Where azure, gold and blue abound,
He vainly treads along the ground,
Craves praise from every body!

But this vain fowl of which we boast,
Of all the fowls the public toast,
Is not often used to broil or roast,
Nor ever worth his feeding;
His plumage lasts not half the year,
When that may chance to disappear,
He looks quite shabby, full of fear,
And indicates low breeding.

He makes no music when he sings,
He cannot fly with unfledg'd wings,
No profit to the public brings,
His pageantry has faded;
He's nothing left our note to gain,
We all rejoin and now disdain,
The fowl so proud and once so vain,
And now so just degraded.

Thus the vain word with all her beaux,
When dress'd in ribbons and fine clothes,
Her beauty and her grandeur shows,
Disdaining all below her;

Too much engaged to look ahead,
She turns and struts where she may tread,
Her trimmings all to public spread
She wishes all to know her.

Her sweet perfume and curled hair,
Her silks, and bows, and ribbons there,
Behold the sight! who can forbear
To love and run and take her?
She dazzles in her plumage gay,
She turns her beauties to the day,
And struts along the public way,
Ah! who could well forsake her.

She now assumes a sword in hand,
Turns gen'ral, giving loud command,
Stands head of the surrounding band,
While thousands round adore her;
Her epaulettes and buttons blaze,
She now achieves in martial ways,
The universal public gaze,
That flashes far before her.

She oft turns merchant and declares,
Superior worth is all her wares,
The giddy youth turns round and stares,
And sees them all so pretty;
'Tis there she flatters—often lies,
Deceives the vain, offends the wise,

And hides the faults from him that buys,
Talks pleasantly and witty.

She's a coquette in every art,
She shows at first the better part,
And charms the vain, deluded heart,
And brings him on to love her ;
I see each sex and every age,
In warm attachment all engage,
Run after her with equal rage,
Determin'd all to prove her.

She courted me with luric charms,
I fell within her closing arms,
My thirst allay'd—I felt alarms,
I wanted then to leave her ;
Again she clasp'd me to her breast,
And said she'd make me further blest,
Remove my fears and give me rest,
But I would not believe her.

I broke her gold-ensnaring chain,
And turned from her with strong disdain,
Resolved to love her not again,
Nor hear her voice enchanting ;
I set my heart above her name,
Despised her with contempt and shame,
And now for high, immortal fame
My soul is ardent panting.

BIGOTRY REPORTED.

A horrid thing pervades the land,
The priests and prophets in a band,
(Called by the name of preachers,)
Direct the superstitious mind,
What man shall do his God to find,
He must obey his teachers.

Those leaders, differing in their mode,
Each traveling in a different road,
Create a sad division;
Each one believes he must be right,
And vents at others all his spite,
Contemns them with derision.

Their proselytes around them wait,
To hear them preach, and pray, and prate,
And tell their growing numbers;
They love to hear their preachers tell,
The adverse sects will go to hell,
All laid in guilt and slumbers.

Each party has its special rules,
Borrowed from bishops, popes and schools,
And thinks them best of any;
And yet they change to suit the times,

And differ in the different climes,
To catch the passing penny.

They are directed to obey,
And never tread another way,
All others are deceivers;
All those who do dissent from this,
Are not within the road to bliss,
Nor can be true believers.

Some thousands thus are dup'd and led,
By prejudice and priestcraft fed,
Who love to hold contention;
Their old confessions they defend,
For human rules do strong contend,
The ground of much dissention.

Is this religion? God forbid,
The light within the cloud is hid,
My soul be not deceived;
The Great Redeemer never told
The priests to separate his fold,
And this I've long believed.

I love religion—do declare,
That peace and love are ever there,
And universal kindness;
The Bible is my rule for this,
It points me to eternal bliss,
Dispels Sectarian blindness,

Let Christians now unite and say,
We'll throw all human rules away,
And take God's word to rule us ;
King Jesus shall our leader be,
And in his name we will agree,
The priests no more shall fool us.

WOMAN.

The richest blessing men can find,
On all the earth below,
Is woman, faithful, true and kind,
Blest soother of our wo.

When elements of nature rise,
And threaten to devour,
She like an angel of the skies,
Bespeaks a milder hour.

When fortune frowns and we're distress'd,
And thousand sorrows swell,
Her mild caresses make us blest,
We think that all is well,

In distant lands, where strangers are
Unkind, and cruel too,
She shows the same affection there,
A tender heart and true.

She feels the weight of all our sighs,
And all our groans she hears,
She pities oft with weeping eyes,
Nor spares her streaming tears.

When sickness makes our spirits faint,
We languish and deplore,
Her fondling smiles ease all complaint,
And we repine no more.

When melancholy fills the heart,
And darkens all the day,
She has the pleasing sov'reign art,
To drive it all away.

Pure gold without her is but dross,
For gold has never blessed,
She is the crown of every loss,
The richest crown possessed.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of Mrs. DIANA GOWDY, of Xenia, Ohio, daughter of John and Elizabeth Morgan, of Shenandoah County, Va. who departed his life October 10, 1828, in hope of a happy immortality. Aged about 27 years.

O ! help me muse to sing that worthy name,
And give her virtues to immortal fame,
That generations yet unborn may read :
The female graces all in her agreed.

In infant years she was her parents' pride,
No child so comely, nor so lov'd beside,
Her form her beauty and her nat'ral grace,
Were mostly perfect of the female race.
Kind nature dress'd her for her fairest child,
Beheld her kindling charms, and fondly smil'd;
She stored the virtues in her youthful breast,
And seem'd content that she was thus possess'd.

She was accomplish'd with politest mien,
In all her movements elegance was seen,
Her modest worth and cultivated mind,
Bespoke her plainly, polish'd and refin'd.

As flowing lilies, and the opening rose,
Expand their blushes when the zephyr blows,
And pour their charming beauties on the sight,
And give the raptur'd soul supreme delight;
So were a thousand charms upon her plac'd,
None were so beauteous—so supremely grac'd,
She was the pride and toast of all the fair,
And all delight in her presence there.

She was not careless of that better part,
That lifts the soul and purifies the heart,
She learned her Saviour, and his laws obeyed,
And safe in heaven her future hope she laid;
Her soul was pious, innocent and mild,
To heaven related, nor by earth beguiled.

In her full bloom arrived her bridal day,
Her consort lived in regions far away,
Few days were passed, she left her native lands,
And took her distant home where Xenia stands.

She graced the station of a virtuous wife,
And lived remote from vanity and strife;
With generous hand she often blest the poor,
Who sought a pittance at her parlor door,
Her name was honored, and her name was dear,
And sounded sweet in every listening ear,
She was too good on earth to be confined,
Her soul was fit with angels to be joined.

Her bridal years were few—they roll'd away,
And brought distress, a mournful weeping day;
Stern death approach'd, and in his arms she slept.
Her husband, friends, and distant strangers wept,
She left a husband drowned in flowing tears,
And solemn gloom 'mong num'rous friends appears;
No time, nor place, can wipe away the grief,
That bursted from their hearts without relief.
O! dreadful day! that saw her buried deep
In silent dust! how did spectators weep;
And while their streaming tears fell from their eyes,
Her soul ascended to the upper skies.

What anguish wrung her tender parents' breasts,
When first thy heard, "in dust Diana rests;"
Their house was fill'd with mourning and with gloom,
Far from Diana's sacred honored tomb!
Could they have wept around her dying bed,
Could they have seen her lying pale and dead,
Could they have walked the solemn fun'ral step,
And seen the spot where their Diana slept!
They could have borne their grief with less despair,
To bid farewell to dear Diana there!

She calmly died, her eyes were clos'd in peace,
And all her sorrows in one moment cease;
The angels met her at death's iron door,
And safe conveyed her to the heavenly shore!
Methinks she mounted on celestial wings,
And there with christians and with seraphs sings!
Why weep ye, parents? Your Diana stands,
Enroll'd in glory in celestial lands;
Your child has left a painful world below,
And found a land where living pleasures flow.

No fell disease to fade her beauty there,
No parting pains, nor world's distressing care,
She dwells in peace—o'er tyrant death she reigns,
And wears her crown in heaven's supernal plains.

DESCRIPTION OF NIGHT.

How dull, how dark, how sable is the night,
She's hid creation from my raptur'd sight,
Horrific clouds come rolling round the sky,
And on the hills in tow'ring columns lie!
The distant vale is wrapp'd in silent gloom,
Where darkling birds their boding notes resume.
No twinkling star thro' opening clouds appears,
No brighter moon to banish nightly fears,
But winds loud howling in the mountain far,
Rush on amain in their ether'al car;
A sullen breeze drives wide the cottage door,
And warns the owner to prepare for more.
The valley stream slow murmurs to the ear,
But murmurs mournful as the breezes veer.

From yon lone tree, not distant from the grave,
Where lie the wise, the coward and the brave,
I hear the owl long hooting o'er the dead,
Along the place where ghostly shadows sped!
Far distant, where the lonely cottage stands,
Beside the gurgling brook, in wilder'd lands,
The howling dog is heard—the echoes mourn,
And on the quivering breeze are distant borne.

The stag lies snuffing on the mountain side,
The timid hind, his faithful, bouncing bride,

Becomes alarm'd but hears the breezes pass
His spiry horns—then nips the mossy grass.
The bounding roe is in the rocky cleft,
In nightly slumbers he is lonely left;
The heathcock's head is hid beneath his wing,
The woody warblers have forgot to sing,
The fearless beasts and all the merry birds,
Have sought retreat, and the domestic herds,
No sounds concordant in the passing air,
The owl's loud hoots, are only wafted there;
Or yelling wolf along the cottage way,
Or barking fox who seeks his nightly prey.

The lonely stranger in the desert wide,
Has lost his way, and knows not where to guide;
Thro' shrubs and thorns, a devious course he bends,
In miry bogs, in winding rills descends;
He fears to tread, he fears the ghosts of night,
He trembling goes, but wanders from the right.
The old trees groan along the silent ground,
And passing goblins whisper in the sound!
Alas! he tries, but tries in vain to know,
Where he should find a safer path to go;
He finds no friend to lend him timely aid,
But sinks in death amid the gloomy shade!

So would the prodigal with flowing eyes,
With lifted hands and penitential cries,

Deplore his wayward course so eager run,
But now so wretched—nought but mis'ry won.
My friends receive the pilgrim for the night,
Solace his sorrows till the morning light,
And when his journey and his days shall close,
O, may no fears disturb his last repose.

A REFLECTION ON READING HISTORY.

——

The blazing sun in rapid haste,
Conveys the time away,
And so the ancient ages waste,
And splendid works decay.

I've read of ancient cruel war,
That wakens up my soul,
I see the tide of blood afar,
And seas of crimson roll.

What have my ancient fathers done?
How have the sages fled!
They fell in battles lost or won,
All mingled with the dead.

The lofty spires and towers they made,
The grandeur of a day,
Are long ago in rubbish laid,
Like shadows fled away.

The proudest kings who nations sway'd,
Have fallen from the throne,
Death called them to his lonely shade,
And made their power his own.

What is all this pomp I see?
This grasp for human power?
A pomp of nothing! and 'twill flee,
In the ensuing hour.

How long in dust my fathers sleep—
I soon must follow there;
Those eyes shall then forget to weep,
And all those tears forbear.

AN ELEGY,

On the death of Mrs. Nesmith, who departed this life in May, 1822.

Some poets choose the names of noble birth,
To sound their fame far thro' the list'ning earth,
And tell they conquered, or they rul'd a throne,
While trembling thousands their dominion own.

But I will sing a name in earth remote,
(O, for poetic fire! to touch my note,)
And tell the virtue and the grace that lie
Concealed from notice of the public eye.
An aged female, youthful once and gay,

That bloom'd as roses in the vernal day;
Her youth she spent in fashion's flow'ry road,
Perhaps forgetful of herself and God!

She early wedded to a man unknown,
To smiling fortune, or to high renown,
Became obscure, and by the world oppressed,
By hard misfortune, and by sin, distressed:
Her worldly prospects from her cottage fled,
Like noon-day shadows, all her pleasures sped,
And left her hopeless in the world below,
To drink unmixed the cup of human woe.

She found this life a burden hard to bear,
And night had sunk in clouds of dark despair;
But, O! that God who rules in worlds on high,
Loud bade her stop, for she should never die;
That word from Heaven like ten-fold thunders roll,
Addressed the sorrows of her sinking soul:
"Long hast thou lingered on this weeping vale,
Where grief abounds and thy life's comforts fail;
But thou hast sinn'd, and sinn'd a thousand ways—
Withheld from God thy service and thy praise.
Dost thou not fear to stand before his throne,
Where all thy crimes must shortly be made known?

This life at which thou hast repin'd so long,
For thy eternal bliss I will prolong."

These words address'd, like brilliant floods of day,
From off her soul rent all the clouds away;
She then beheld herself—herself accused,
She saw her Saviour by her sins abused;
Not fit to live, and now afraid to die,
Aloud for mercy she began to cry—
She sought a blessing such as God bestows,
And found redemption from her former woes;
Her soul releas'd, to love divine restored,
The world forgotten was no more deplored.
By grace illum'd, by grace of God forgiven,
She look'd for her reward laid up in heaven.

Like patient lambs to strokes of death resign,
She bears her grief and doth no more repine;
The pomp of fashion and the lap of ease,
Her humble soul could now no longer please—
This earth too mean to seek a resting place,
She found a rest—a rest in heavenly grace.
Renew'd in heart, she leads a pious life,
A fondling mother and a virtuous wife.

Like well-oil'd lamps bestow a brilliant light,
To show the path in a bewilder'd night,
So her example all around her blaz'd,

While saints admir'd, and careless sinners gaz'd,
She read the Bible, and by faith she found,
Celestial manna flow'd on earthly ground;
She built her hope on that foundation stone,
And sought the aid which comes from God alone.
Like eagles soar in their lofty flight,
Leave meaner prospects far beneath their sight.
So did her soul and her affections rise,
Nor found a home beneath the upper skies.
She was a christian, and to christians join'd,
And not in word—to works of love inclin'd,
No selfish sect, nor human creed, could hold
Her pious soul from loving all the fold.
No grace nor virtue that adorns our race,
But seem'd with her to find a welcome place.
When health and friends would in her cottage meet,
She sat like Mary at her Saviour's feet;
In sickness she resigned herself to God,
And bore with patience the afflicting rod,
When death approach'd, with age her head was gray,
She met the stroke without the least dismay.
A husband, sons and daughters wept around,
A mother who had won the heavenly ground.
They saw the triumphs of a Saviour's blood,
Disparting all the rage of Jordan's flood!

They saw a saint triumphant gain the shore,
Where tempests rage, and storms arise no more,
They heard her last expiring words declare,
" Come follow me, a crown of glory wear."
If absent souls can speak to mortal's ear,
O ! give attention and profoundly hear ;
Methinks I hear the sister's voice so sweet,
Where ransom'd saints and angels kindly meet,
Recounting all her worldly troubles o'er,
Where souls in triumph are distress'd no more.

Do I imagine that I hear her say—
" O, children, stop, if in the downward way !
Return from sin, nor onward farther go,
Lest you may sink in dreadful depths of wo ;
My pious son, my pious daughter, too,
Hold on your way, your Saviour still pursue ;
Not long till death shall ope the gates of bliss,
And let our ransom'd souls each other kiss.

Here pains forgotten—souls exalted high,
Receive full pleasure in the boundless sky ;
Stand firm, my children, in a tempter's land,
Go on to conquer—reach the heavenly strand,
And here we'll meet on King Immanuel's shore,
Where grief, and pain, and death distress no more."

OLD AGE.

My beauty fades, my eyes grow dim,
My frame must soon decay,
I feel that every active limb,
Must soon be lifeless clay.

This lamp of life that burns below,
Will soon exhaust, and die,
This vital fount shall cease to flow,
And all its streams be dry.

I will not tremble at the stroke,
If Christ but lend his aid,
Although the thread of life be broke,
This flesh in dust be laid.

And though this mortal frame repose,
Beneath the grassy clod,
My ransom'd soul shall rest with those
Who worship with their God.

Then it shall join in holy song,
In praises all divine,
With the triumphant heavenly throng,
In endless ages shine.

A DREAM—SUCH AS POETS FEIGN.

Far in a grove alone I stray'd
And sought a silent bower,
I sat me down beneath the shade,
To muse the happy hour.

The scene was charming to my sight,
The wild birds sweetly sang,
The vocal woods gave me delight,
And far around me rang.

The place was paradise to me,
My thoughts roy'd on amain,
I'd found the spot I long'd to see,
And bliss without a pain.

The sweetest feelings of the soul,
In one celestial stream,
Bore me away with sweet control,
In a seraphic dream.

Methought I saw a damsel fair,
And tears were in her eyes,
Her head, her breast, and arms, were bare,
I heard her bursting sighs.

I heard her call, and call aloud,
To those who pass'd her by,

But few among the busy crowd,
Gave her the least reply.

I stopp'd and look'd her in the face—
'Twas then she sweetly smil'd,
Her features shone with heavenly grace
Far more than nature's child.

I stepp'd toward her, and I cried,
O, tell to me thy name,
And tell me where thou dost abide,
And whence thy sorrows came.

With diffidence and down-cast eye,
In modest tone she spoke,
She wiped a tear, and gave a sigh,
And thus her silence broke.

"My name is Charity and Love,
Descended from the skies,
My native home is heaven above,
Where no distresses rise.

I left the happy millions there,
To visit all mankind,
I would their restless souls prepare,
A better world to find.

I long have called to every class,
To take me by the hand,
But some would mock, and deafly pass,
And let me weeping stand.

Some years ago I passed along,
Where multitudes reside,
And several of the gazing throng,
Engaged me for their bride.

The merchants took me in their store,
And learned of me to smile,
But this they did to sell the more,
And gain the peasant's toil.

Mechanics too, of every kind,
Entreated me full well,
While flatt'ry and deceit could find,
A better way to sell.

But now the times severe have grown,
And labor gives no gain,
Their hearts are hard as hardest stone,
And me they all disdain.

They've turn'd me from their parlor doors,
And ston'd me in the street,
I find no place upon their floors,
Nor aught of them to eat!

I then besought the priestly clan,
To gain a shelter there,
Some took me in and soon began,
To celebrate the fair.

They'd dress me up on Sabbath day,
And lead me to the place,
Where hundreds meet to sing and pray,
And wait for heavenly grace.

But all the week their acts proclaim'd
Their negligence to me,
They seldom loved to hear me nam'd
And would my presence flee.

Their love to me was not unfeigned,
But few I found were true,
When thy their worldly objects gained,
They bade me long adieu

They've led me up the pulpit stair,
To preach abroad my fame,
But oft have scandalized me there,
And push'd me down with shame.

They often rave, and drive me far,
From where they stand to preach,
And in the zeal of pulpit war,
Their prejudices teach.

They all agree, and have combin'd,
To kill me, if they can,
They have hunted up and down to find,
And drive me from their clan.

This is the cause, young man, I tell,
Why I must wander here,
And why so high my sorrows swell,
And I so sad appear.

I now must seek the wilderness,
Nor find a cottage nigh,
I there must wail my deep distress,
And vent for man my sigh."

I'll go with thee, I loudly said,
And give thee my embrace,
With thee, for man my tears I'll shed,
In the sequestered place.

These words addressed, I then awoke,
And pondered well the theme,
And, O! how charm'd by her that spoke
The substance of my dream.

ON THOUGHT.

Amazing thought! how rapid dost thou fly!
O'er all the world and round the ample sky,
Thou dost the meads and flowry plains survey,
Where nature wantons in delightful play.
From shade to shade thy golden wings have flown,
From pole to pole, and thro' the burning zone.

The tow'ring hill where human never trod,
Where lofty cedars to the whirlwinds nod,
Thou dost ascend and fearless travel there,
And stretch thy soaring pinions in the air.
Stupendous mounts, projected in the cloud,
Where fork'd lightnings play, and tempests shroud,
Where rocky walls sublimely fill the sight,
Thou dost unwearied speed thy wond'rous flight.
Thou canst delight in beauties of the glade,
And play along the wild, sequester'd shade,
And trace the rivers as their courses lead,
Along the mountains and the grassy mead.
Where rising towns in beauteous order stand,
And superb cities deck the sea-side strand;
Where smoky hamlets thro' the country rise,
And rural landscapes bloom beneath the skies;
There thou dost fly and revel on the scene,
And widely wing creation's vernal green.
Where Ætna struggles and emits her smoke,
Or Hekla's mouth with burning cinders choke,
Thy vent'rous wings have borne thee in thy race,
To view the wonders of the dreadful place.
The gloomy caverns underneath the ground,
Thou dost survey and wing the dread profound;
In martial fields where death and fury fly,
And roaring cannons shake the smould'ring sky,

Along the place in trembling thou hast fled,
And sadly saw the dying and the dead.
When sable night is muffled round the spheres,
And gloom and sadness fill the world with fears,
Then thou art fearless, ever on the flight,
The darkest abyss naked to thy sight!
When fierce tornadoes travel o'er the world,
And sumptuous cities are in ruin hurl'd,
In dread confusion thou dost hover there,
Or trace the whirling storm along the air.

Thy wakeful nature never knows to sleep,
Thou brav'st the billows of the flowing deep,
Thou climb'st the tow'ring waves in midnight hours,
And smoothly glid'st above their frightful pow'rs.
The earth too narrow for thy ample bounds,
Thou dost ascend and try the heavenly grounds,
In floating ether thou hast found the way,
To trace the planets round the source of day.
In thy adventures thou hast found the land,
Where trees ambrosial and a Saviour stand.
The blooming lily and the vernal spring,
There saints immortal and the angels sing.
O! dwell forever in that happy place,
There grow and flourish on a Saviour's grace,
Rove o'er the plains and rise th'eternal hight,
And stay thyself in uncreated light.

A WORD TO THE FAIR.

Ye beauteous fair! if you'd prepare,
To live a happy life,
You must discern, and fully learn,
The pleasures of a wife.

While you are young, your path is hung,
With snares on every side,
You look for bliss, but, O, you miss,
Till you become a bride.

Then if you can select a man,
And give him all your heart,
When this you do, be ever true,
Nor act the coquette's part.

But first remind, be sure to find,
A man of sober name.
Let him be found of morals sound,
And long of virtuous fame.

Know him to be from vices free,
A man of generous mind,
And one that feels, another's ills,
Affectionate and kind.

A handsome face, in am'rous race,
Too often does decoy,

And riches are sometimes a snare,
And may your bliss destroy.

Now ask your heart, if he's the part,
You only do admire?
Or is it gold which you behold,
That kindles your desire?

As men deceive, don't you believe,
Your ev'ry lovers tale,
If love should pain, you must refrain,
Nor let it soon prevail.

Be not in haste, but always chaste,
Be modest and refin'd,
And when you can, obtain the man,
To whom you would be join'd.

Let him be sure your heart is pure,
And wait for hymen's tie,
To bless the day when females may
With their fond wish comply.

DIALOGUE

Between Missouri, the Eastern States, the Southern States, and Middle States, during the session of Congress of 1821, on the Missouri Question.

MISSOURI TO THE EASTERN STATES.

Dear sisters, why are you so bold,

That you reject my motion,
Last year I was in Union roll'd,
To have a legal portion;
But now your wit and language strain,
And in the Congress thunder,
You strive to turn me off again,
And cut our bands asunder.

You wish me not to hold a slave,
My black and stolen treasure,
Some motive else you seem to have,
I'll tell you at my leisure;
I think you wish to raise a jar,
And sound the nation's feeling,
To light the match of civil war,
And set us all to reeling.

You can but know what you have done,
Is very bold and daring,
Thro' all the South loud clamors run,
A fearful omen wearing;
My sister States who hold their blacks,
Are all with me united,
We will retain those precious snacks,
And not by you be frighted,

You now pretend to say 'tis wrong,
That bondage be admitted,
I cannot hold the sable throng,

And be in Congress seated;
You err in this politic strife,
Now give the subject over,
And let me own what's dear as life,
Your spleen no more discover.

EASTERN STATES TO MISSOURI.

You call us sisters, very well,
But if we're true relation,
You can no longer buy and sell,
The freedom of creation;
We'll never give our vote again,
That slavery be extended,
We'll save you of the moral stain,
Tho' you be much offended.

Our motive's pure, our cause is good,
We've nothing kept concealed,
On freedom's side we long have stood,
And nothing else revealed;
The Constitution is our guide,
In all our long debating,
By it you must be laid aside,
Though all your angry prating.

At this you grin and wildly stare,
And blame the true heart Yankee,
You raise the strife you cannot bear,
And then you call us pranky;

No other cause we have in view,
No scheme for war we're laying,
But that you may not hold a slave,
We wish in ev'ry saying.

SOUTHERN STATES TO THE EASTERN STATES.

Dear sisters, we must tell you plain,
In this dispute we blame you,
Because this point you long maintain,
It surely will defame you;
Our property we will defend,
In spite of all your brav'ry,
We cannot think to condescend,
To lose the pelf of slav'ry.

Let us alone who love the trade,
Of bart'ring human nature,
Let this young nymph* be sister made,
And now no longer hate her;
You boast of freedom, so do we,
Then let us cease our jarring,
Lest we may live to see the day,
When sisters may be warring.

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*Missouri.

MIDDLE STATES TO THE SOUTHERN STATES.

In justice we no more forbear,
But loudly speak for freedom,

To hold your slaves it is not fair,
To whip, and starve, and bleed 'em;
And if the cold and stony heart,
Will hold those sons of sorrow,
Missouri shall not have a part,
No bondage from you borrow.

We have no wish to raise a fight,
But on this ground we settle,
We will defend fair freedom's right,
With all our might and mettle;
Let this young nymph wash out her shame,
And then we will receive her,
Until she does we'll spurn her name,
And keep her out forever.

THE POET TO ALL.

Restrain your tongues upon this theme,
And let no more be spoken,
Or else, it is no idle dream,
Our bands will soon be broken;
I am no friend to human sales,
Nor to such loud contentions,
O'er all the States great fear prevails,
That you will make dissentions.

I would advise to give, and take,
And not be over rigid,
Wind up disputes for friendship's sake,

Nor longer be so frigid;
Let all unite before you rise,
And be no more divided,
And strengthen all the nation's ties,
On this be all decided.

AN APOSTROPHE TO GEN. BRADDOCK.

Braddock! the pride of Britain's lands,
Commander of her train.
Who drove in war the Gallic bands,
Or slew them on the plain.

Thy steed was like the bounding roe,
Thy sword a blaze of fire,
Thy charge upon th'invading foe,
Like winter whirlwinds dire.

Thy wrath was like the gath'ring storm,
That darkens round the day,
When trembling trees in sad deform,
Would gladly flee away.

Like lightning gleams across the sky,
And wings destruction far,
The terrors of thy sword did fly,
Along the field of war.

Thy voice was like the rolling floods,
That tumbles from the hills,
That sweeps the cottage of the woods,
And floats away the rills.

Or like loud thunder to thy foes,
Were words of thy command,
Thy conq'ring arm with death bestows,
The reeking, trembling land,

Like a tall oak that lifts its head,
And braves the winter's sky;
So Braddock stood—nor did he dread,
The hosts that pass'd him by.

Thy arm reclaim'd the bloody field,
From Gallia's strongest host,
The vanquish'd foes the contest yield—
The arduous contest lost.

To save thy brethren from the grave,
And peace to them restore,
Thou sail'dst across th' Atlantic wave,
And hail'd Columbia's shore.

Thy march was thro' a desert wide,
To meet the bloody sight,
George Washington was at thy side—
Advised thee how to fight.

But, O! thy heart disdain'd the thought,
Of learning arts of war,
Or by a "buckskin" to be taught,
From Britain's Island far.

But soon, alas! the savage yell,
Resounded thro' the vale;
Like blighted figs thy soldiers fell,
And the sad day bewail.

'Twas far in mountains of the west,
That Braddock bravely bled,
'Tis there thy bones are now at rest,
Among the silent dead.

Tho' once so valiant and so brave,
That Gallia dreaded thee,
But now thy dwelling is the grave,
Beneath a mournful tree.

How low thy mansion and thy head,
In silence thou dost dwell,
A grave of earth is now thy bed,
A loathsome wormy cell.

Calm as the lake thy peaceful breast,
When winds distress no more,
When stormy winds are lull'd to rest,
Nor beat upon the shore.

Two mossy stones that stand for thee,
Are only left to say:
"Braddock the great, behold and see,
Has moulder'd here in clay."

No mother left to mourn thee slain,
Nor wife to call thy name,
The hooting owls o'er thee complain,
Thy lonely grave proclaim.

The trees that grow around the spot,
The waving thistles there,
This hero's name have ne'er forgot,
But waft it on the air.

The stranger when he passes by
Thy grave o'er grown with moss,
Shall say "Great Braddock here doth lie,
His nation's dearest loss."

MAN—A COMPL'CATED ANIMAL.

Man's nature is so mix'd and wrought,
So various in his act and thought,
That all the beasts which stock the earth,
And insects of degraded birth,
Are seen in him—in him they move,
In him they hate, devour and love.

The Lion in man's anger growls,
In man's ambition there he scowls,
He treats his weaker fellows low,
And boasts his courage and the woe,
The warrior walks the martial field,
And thousands to his prowess yield,
He stalks the conquerer of the plains,
And like the Lion lives and reigns;
He moves in majesty and splendor,
And to this Lion all surrender.

In man's revenge the Tiger lurks,
He's fierce and cruel in his works;
In scenes of blood he takes delight,
And seeks his prey in silent night,
When none suspect their danger near,
He plunges deep his fatal spear,
And sates in gore, his cursed passion,
Much like the Tiger's dreaded fashion.

In man's deceit the Wolf behold,
He seeks his living from the fold,
He sometimes feigns to be a friend,
But that's his plan to tear and rend,
He is ferocious, and will try,
To kill and slay, but always sly,
He sneaks along the midnight path,
And meditates his meal of death.

'Tis by deceit, the ground is gain'd,
Where he is gorg'd and you are pained,
He slays your peace—fills you with sorrow,
And, like the Wolf, he's gone to-morrow.

The Horse runs fearless in the field,
'Mid cannons, guns, and swords, and shields,
And man, the hero, like him goes,
Undaunted in the midst of foes,
His courage leads him in the way,
Where hosts around in eager play,
He loves the conquest—pushes on,
And gains the goal, or dies forlorn;
He feels no rein, but onward dashes,
And, like the horse, cares not for lashes.

The Ass is stupid—stubborn too,
He will not drive, nor follow you,
He takes his own directed way,
Nor cares if he should go astray;
So man is stupid—often found,
To tread forbidden, desert ground;
His real good, he slow discerns,
And from his danger seldom turns;
His stubborn will forbids to bend,
Nor can be turned by foe or friend,
His own direction he will take,
That right or wrong he'll not forsake,

Tho' he be scourged, and badly bruis'd,
Reprov'd aloud, and long abus'd,
His life's a load, he cannot bear it,
And, like the ass, his brays declare it.

The Ox that labors in the fields,
And patient to his master yields,
He draws his burden all the day—
Consents to give his toil away.
Poor man, like him the yoke must bear,
And in his labor take a share;
Innur'd to toil—short rest he knows,
He bears a load of ills and woes,
Strong fate has bound him to his task.
And why? He need not murm'ring ask,
He toils in patience—hopes for gain,
His cares increase—his hopes are vain.
What he acquires some others get,
And wanton on his labor'd sweat,
At last he finds his fruits are squander'd,
And like the ox—nor this he ponder'd.

The craftly Fox strays far away,
And seeks by wiles his nightly prey,
He sucks the blood of harmless name,
And gallops off in guilt and shame;
And when pursued he's hard to find,
Among the woods so long inclin'd,

His cunning art can soon prepare,
A scheme to 'scape pursuers there.
So man, on gain and fortune bent,
Leaves native soil and home's content;
He forms his plans with artful guise,
To snatch the prey with sad surprise.
He takes by stealth the peasant's toils,
And sates his thirst on nightly spoils—
Secretes his crime from public view,
And seeks the place where none pursue.
He veils himself in dark designs,
Unknown to most discerning minds,
He's not mistrusted in his deeds,
Till by his craft his booty bleeds;
He then withdraws to distant places,
And saves himself in swiftest races.
Behold the nature of the Bear,
In saddest mode he travels where
Dark solitude and silence brood,
Along the desert mountain wood;
He growls along the gloomy night,
His aspect surly in the light,
He is no friend to creatures round,
But always sad and surly found,
So man in melancholy strays,
A murky, solitary maze;
He finds the earth a barren wild,

Himself akin to sorrow's child;
His heart grows hard as days roll on,
His aspect sad, his soul forlorn,
He groans his sorrows to the day,
And in his desert loves to stray;
He thinks he has no friend below,
And lurks desponding to and fro;
He is a friend to none around him,
Much like a Bear I've always found him.

The Monkey ranges o'er the woods,
And on his neighbors oft intrudes;
He's 'most a fool, but full of play,
He's apt to steal and run away,
He's quite diverting in his turn,
He'll imitate, pretend to learn,
He's full of motions, full of fun,
He laughs at mischief he has done;
He is a pest where'er he be,
He is despised—you laugh to see.
And what is man, but monkey grown?
He lives on labors not his own;
He cheats, defrauds, and pilfers too,
And, if he can, takes more than's due;
He plagues his neighbors where he goes,
And then complains they are his foes;
He makes pretensions to be wise,
He would sometimes in science rise;

But soon, alas! you plainly see,
He imitates what others be;
His words and manners, and his mien,
Are borrowed—this is plainly seen;
He thinks he's wise, he thinks he's great,
But empty skulls you can but hate,
If you could see how nature made him,
Ah! monkey-like, she did degrade him.

The Sheep, a harmless creature made,
In innocence has trod the glade;
His nature mild, he thinks no ill,
To strokes of death resigns his will;
He gives his fleece without complaint,
Nor murmurs when he is almost faint;
He seems defenceless, often slain,
By bloody prowlers of the plain;
Forgetting home, he's apt to stray,
And in the mountains lose his way.
So man that's born of heavenly mind,
To peace and virtue strong inclin'd,
The ills of life in patience bears,
Nor vexed beneath a crowd of cares;
The gross insults and every wrong,
Receiv'd from the surrounding throng,
He suffers long, nor once complains,
In all his sorrows, grief, and pains;
He thinks no ill—treats all as friends,

Nor his own life by war defends ;
Defenceless in himself he goes,
Sometimes abused by cruel foes.
He strays sometimes too far from home,
Too long in wilds he learns to roam,
Perhaps by wolves is torn asunder,
Much like the sheep that loves to wander.

The Dog remark'd for sense and thought,
By instinct, and by practice taught,
Will long defend his owner's cause,
Urg'd on by nature's rigid laws ;
He'll trace his game, though out of sight,
Nor lose the track by day or night.
His use is known—his friendship great,
But dreadful to incur his hate.
So man is taught, on nature's base,
To run his game, a tedious race,
His object always out of sight.
He still pursues with ard'ous flight ;
And if he once should cease the prize,
He hunts again, away he tries,
His life's a race that often leads
O'er mountains, hills, and miry meads ;
He may be useful to the throng,
Not to himself his spoils belong,
He'll bite and snarl in time of danger,
And scarce befriend you when a stranger.

The SERPENT crawls and licks the dust,
By heaven's sentence true and just;
He takes his food by thousand wiles,
And thoughtless innocence beguiles;
He lies secreted in the grass,
And slily watches all that pass,
And waits a chance, his poison slings,
And each unweary victim stings;
He's cursed and hated where he's known,
On him there's no compassion shown!
So man is curs'd, and low debas'd,
And by his foes is often chas'd;
He hunts the desert for his bread,
And throws all nature into dread;
In secret places often lies,
Not easy seen by passing eyes,
Deep hidden, there he waits his prey,
Flings death and terror o'er the way;
His tongue is poison, and his breath
Gives hydrophobia—fearful death!
He lures the harmless, bites them then,
And hides in gross, or murky den;
His name is hated—none pretend,
To love, respect, or call him friend;
His poisons seen in every feature,
He's like the snake, a dreadful creature.

The Lizzard of contempt'ous name,
That lowly crawls the dust in shame,
Seeks gnats for food, or lives on air,
And starves almost on empty fare.
So man is seen in low disgrace,
And meanly crawls his shameful race;
The golden gems that round him play,
He tries to catch along the way;
But fast they fly, nor can he find,
Enough to satisfy his mind;
He grovels in the dust and lives,
On empty things, and seldom thrives;
He pants for something—tries to get it,
But, like the Lizzard, cannot eat it.

The common Toad that jumpes along,
And fills the air with sadden'd song,
Would swif'ly bound his wanton'd road,
But slow he moves—himself a load,
He swells with wind his little size,
And puffs mean greatness to your eyes;
But watch him when his wind is gone,
He sinks beneath indignant scorn!
So man pretends to rise and run,
His course is full of noise and fun;
He tries too fast to leap and climb,
What he pursues is not in time.
Himself a load he cannot bear,

He faints, and falls beneath it there;
With haughty pride his bosom swells,
His windy feats he often tells,
He looks quite big—not well refin'd—
A pompous show—but little mind.
He puffs with greatness, not his own,
With empty wind he's stuff'd and blown;
For in himself he's lank and leaner,
Than any Toad, he's poor and meaner.

The swarms of Gnats that move along,
In wide, promiscuous, giddy throng,
Sport on awhile in vernal day,
But soon from earth are swept away!
So man in long and endless train,
Is seen to dance the flow'ry plain.
He mixes in the countless host,
On frolic wing tumult'ous tost,
He airy sports on fortune's boon,
And spends in play his vernal noon;
But sable winds drive him from sight,
And close his dance in endless night;
His life is short—uncertain vapor,
Like floating gnats in evening caper.

The Hornet builds ingenious nest,
And there presumes to make his rest—
A bold, a wild, a restless thing,

And fights with sharp, envenom'd sting.
So man with skill, almost divine,
Constructs the palace—makes it shine,
He calls it home—a resting place,
But often wings a desert chase,
He roves a stranger thro' the wood,
In search of foreign, empty good!
His nature wild—not easy tam'd,
And fiercely bold—not often sham'd;
Disturb him not, for if you do,
He'll fight, and deeply sting you too;
He loves to pierce us, you would scorn it,
But marvel not for he's a hornet.

The Buzzard cleaves his trackless way,
And scents afar his putrid prey;
He leaves the richer good behind,
And lives on carrion, if he find.
So man in flight, on mischief bent,
Pursues his course with eager scent,
Talks none of good, but scandal brays,
And stirs corruption as he strays;
He never tastes the meat that's sweeter,
But Buzzard like a carrion eater!

The Eagle, lofty bird on flight,
Soars oft away from vulgar sight,
He builds his nest on mountains high,
Where seldom seen by human eye,

He owns the forest's wide domains,
And there majestic lives and reigns.
So man, in science rises high,
He climbs, and soars, and wings the sky;
He measures globes, and blazing suns,
And thro' etherial regions runs;
He knows the north, the burning zone,
O'er every clime his wings are flown;
By daring thought, he leaves below,
(His meaner fellows plung'd in woe,)
Sublimely soars, and ardent gains
The heaven's high hills and her broad plains,
'Tis there he builds his downy nest,
In that high region takes his rest,
'Tis there he reigns forever king,
And undisturbed by meaner wing;
He loves the region, lives adoring,
And, like the Eagle, high is soaring.

The GEESE are noted for their noise,
They gabble loud, unmeaning joys,
They dabble in the muddy ground,
And mean and filthy they are found;
They don't aspire, nor leave the place,
But live in folly and disgrace.
So man, a noisy being is,
When drunken, sordid joys are his,
He gabbles nonsense and abuse,

He talks no good—of little use,
He fills the ear with jargon sound,
And bills his filth and mischief round.
He deals in slander—dirty stuff,
And drains the puddle—not enough;
His walks are low, and seldom rise,
He's base, and filthy, and unwise;
He grovels low and squalls his slander,
And paddles much like goose and gander.

The Swine that lives on husks and corn,
Looks sullen, sad, and grunts forlorn,
With his long snout he roots the soil,
And fattens on the poor man's toil;
He's always greedy and untaught,
In mud he wallows—low in thought!
So man on meanest treasures feeds,
And runs where love of money leads;
His soul grows sordid and debased,
He grunts for more and looks disgrac'd;
He snouts the poor man out of door,
Takes all he can, and seeks for more.
His manners rough and quite uncouth,
And cares for none but self in truth;
When fat and full, he'll tusk you deep,
He'll make you fly or make you weep.
He grunts and eats, and greedy swallows,
He's like the hog, in mud, that wallows.

The crawling Worm that moves along,
Despis'd and trodden by the throng;
He cannot turn, nor fly the way,
But often crushed, an easy prey;
He's soft and frail—composed of shame,
Dirt and corruption is his name.
So man of dust, in dust remains,
Pursu'd for prey and writhes in pains,
His thoughts, so sordid, seldom rise,
Death stares him where he crawls or lies,
Dangers race him round the earth,
And often crush him in the birth.
He cannot run nor fly his doom,
But soon must find a lonesome tomb;
He loves the dust, the dust he's sweeping,
And, like the worm, corruption creeping.

He's like a Bug, he'll pinch and bite,
And, like a Cat, he'll scratch and fight;
He's like a crooked, tender Snail,
That's easy crush'd along his trail.

He's like the Mole, that digs his way,
From public view, from open day;
He's Yellow Jacket, quick and fierce,
And with a sting will deeply pierce,
And like a Wasp along the fences,
Will deeply goad you to the senses.

The Mushroom grows, and spreads out soon,
Turns black, and dies before 'tis noon;
Some men are so, they'll quickly shoot,
They rise and flourish without root;
But soon, alas! such fade away,
And leave black marks of their decay.

Man's like an Eel—a slip'ry fish,
He'll twist and flounce, elude your wish;
You scarce can hold him—often find
Him gone, and left the scurf behind.

He's like the monstrous Crocodile,
Pretends to weep his conquer'd spoil;
He's like a Bat that's blind in day,
And in sad darkness loves to stray.
I think he's like a Possum too,
He grins his anguish when untrue;
Or like the Cricket, should I say?
That idly chirps his hours away!
He's like the Owl that hates the light,
But pours his sorrows on the night.
The lust and rage of every beast,
Down from the greatest to the least;
The fiercest passions of their race,
And fearful natures that disgrace,
Are plainly seen in human life,
The scene of every pain and strife!

O, man! why hast thou fallen so?
Created first the lord below—
Intelligent, and harmless, mild,
Heaven's holy image in the child;
Exalted once, without a foe,
Without the plague of vice and woe.
But, O! thy state, how badly chang'd!
Thy glory fled, thy mind derang'd!
More savage now than beasts of blood,
Than monsters of the raging flood.
More hated than the snakes in grass,
Than all the reptile tribes that pass;
More cross'd, distress'd and full of pain,
Than all that moves on earth's broad plain.
Reform thy manners, I'll remind thee,
Of better nature let me find thee.

AN ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN FAIR.

My muse advent'rous, shall attempt to sing,
The pleasing prospect of the op'ning spring,
Shall dare to tempt Alcinda's feet abroad,
To tread wide nature in her flow'ry road.
When cooling zephyrs fan the flow'ry way,
And twitt'ring birds their vernal gambols play,
When meads are green and fields are deck'd with
flow'rs,

Then spend the transports of some cooling hours.
Regale your eyes o'er all the landscape wide,
And count the brooks that round her margin glide—
Go view the rills that gently play along,
What rising glories to the grass belong!

Ascend the mound, and seek the cooling shade,
And view the wonders which your God has made,
'Tis hence you see the mountain's lofty brow,
And hills far distant interpers'd below;
Disorder seems to spread itself around,
But skill divine in matchless beauty's found.
The rising poplar in the expanding green,
And humble glories deck the op'ning scene,
Behind yon vista see the village there,
Where swains are toiling for their worldly care.
See rural mansions rising round the grove,
And harmless herds in wanton pleasures rove;
The drifted smoke descends along the vale,
And seems to mourn where absent lovers fail!
Thine eye beholds the distant river roll,
Thou hear'st her murm'ring o'er the rocky shoal;
Her winding channel bends along the land,
And opens where the smoky hamlets stand;
Perhaps she pours a copious tide away,
Amid the vale she makes a long delay,

And forms those banks where wand'ring lovers go
To vent their sorrow, and to weep their woe.

The distant bells sound faintly to the ear,
Or you the lowing herds at distance hear;
The milk-maid wanders o'er the passing way,
Hies home her cattle in their roving play.

The rustics now lay down their tools awhile,
And homeward walk to cease from dusty toil,
They whistle forth their notes of comic glee,
And seek the cot of loving wife, to see
The babes and wife with sweet ecstatic charms,
Now meet the rustic with extended arms!
Far o'er the hill is tun'd a mournful lay,
Where lovers with the flute or spinnet play.

O! hear the birds sweet singing to their loves,
Thro' all the green, thro' all the vocal groves
Their varied notes, their trilling anthems run,
And mournful most when low the ev'ning sun;
Some sing aloud, ambitious to be known,
And others plaintive scarcely not their own—
Some strike a note to chant a partner's theme,
Some mourn in absence, and to weep they seem,
In lonesome woods amid the growing glooms,
A songstress sweet, her sweetest notes assumes,
Philoma sings and lulls them all to sleep,
And while they rest she can't forbear to weep;

She chants the grove, delightful is her lay,
She soothes the lover in his midnight way.
Thou hear'st the dove, a sweet and mournful song,
A plaintive note, a note of something wrong;
The lay is solemn, and the note sincere,
Her mate seems absent and can never hear—
She coos, she calls, expostulates the groves,
To give to her the absent one she loves;
At eve's approach, she haunts the lonesome tree,
To call her love, and hopes her love to see—
Then bends her head, and covers o'er her wing,
She sleeps in silence, and no more can sing.

Look down the vale, the rising lily see,
There beauty flows in full variety,
Her modest stature decorates the green,
No spot, nor wrinkle, in her bloom is seen.
A modest form behold! without pretence,
Like virtuous maids in harmless innocence.

Behold the flow'rs expand in living bloom,
Display their glory, and their grace assume;
Their varied hues in rising beauties glow,
In fields extensive, and in vales below.
Some rise in blue, and some are tring'd with gold,
And numerous shades in modest pride unfold.
No mimic art, nor toilsome hand, has plac'd
Their beauteous order—all by nature grac'd;

Their careless form displays more beauty there,
Than prudes could show with all their finic care.
Behold them tremble as the zephyrs move,
Inhale their fragrance, and their odors prove;
The sweet perfume that passes thro' the air,
Must give delight, and quell the rising care.
Now see the blushes in the orchards spread,
Where lovely nymphs in vernal seasons tread,
Their mingling graces and their beauties rise,
To charm the soul and captivate the eyes;
The fanning breezes lull the swain asleep,
And softly o'er the swelling bosom creep;
They drive the perspirating heat away,
And chant thy voice to join creation's lay.

Contemplate now on what thy walk may teach,
Let vocal woods thy tender passions reach;
Let brooks and rills and mountains, meads, and flow'rs,
Now preach thee wisdom, and refine thy pow'rs.
Remember long what various notes were sung,
What diff'rent meanings in their anthems rung;
The merry warblers sang their lays along,
And tun'd their pleasure to the busy throng,
But evening shades o'er all the valleys spread,
And struck their music and their pleasures dead.
So wanton youth who sport on fortune's boon,
In pride and pleasure spend their vernal noon;

Their theme delightful, seems to charm the ear,
While care is fled and all distressful fear;
But hoary age destroys their empty mirth,
Their day grows dim, their joys of little worth;
Their sun declines and brings sad darkness on,
Long silence reigns and all their pleasures gone!

The fainting sun reclines beyond thy sight,
E'er shadows roll their darkness into night
Thy walk resume, and find the homeward way,
And ne'er forget creation's vocal lay.
As ye advance, let converse cheer the mind,
With morals wise, and sentiments refin'd;
Walk slowly on, and keep the house in view,
And talk of wonders which are ever new;
Ensnare thy courtier with the skill of thought,
Let heav'n and earth be in thy subject bro't.
Rehearse the beauties that on earth extend,
Their place, their use, their various orders blend;
Talk oceans, rivers, mountains, kingdom's o'er,
Forests, fields, and all the distant shore;
Let nations, empires and their arts be told,
Their pride and grandeur, and their feasts of old.
On nature dwell, and in thy accents know
What grades subservient crawl the earth below;
The lion yonder roars his anger round,
While distant herds stand trembling at the sound;

There burden'd camels rove the desert sand,
And here, the horse submissive ploughs the land;
The scaly nations swimming in the sea,
The plumy birds, and the industrious bee,
And insects too, that meanly crawl the earth,
Of honor less, and less of real worth,
Should serve for thee in conversation's strain,
And thus is man a complicated train.
E'er daylight's gone return, and near the door
Converse more freely than thou didst before—
Near to the house when summer's grass is green,
When shining stars and brighter moon are seen,
There sit awhile, thy social moments spend,
And round the skies thy copious thoughts extend.
While sprinkling dews revive the drooping rose,
And murm'ring zephyrs wake their short repose,
And waft perfume along the passing air,
Let pleasure pass in conversation there.
Thy rosy cheeks with modest grace shall shine,
As virtue, knowledge, and good sense are thine;
With mind inform'd let rapt'rous visions fly,
And trace the wonders of the boundless sky.

Compare those orbs that rove expansive space,
To youthful lovers in their wonted race;
Some glow with light, and shine effulgence near,
But soon withdraw—their glories disappear!
They soon perform their rapid flight in air,

And leave the horizon in dark despair;
The vulgar eye, once dazzled with the train,
Now meets the dark and looks for light in vain!
Some far remote with less resplendence glow,
But constant honors from their orbits flow;
As they advance their fair ether'al race,
They shine in glory and increase in grace;
Their midnight luster dwells upon the sight,
And cheers the horrors of the sable night;
They move in grandeur o'er our beggar'd world,
While blazing comets are in ether hurl'd.

So men and manners differ in degree,
They show their parts, but in their parts we see
Some shine in grace and grandeur not their own,
For grace and grandeur they have never known;
Their bows are borrow'd, and their language too
They glow and dazzle only while they're new.

Tho' gaudy plumes bedeck the coxcomb race,
A short acquaintance brings them to disgrace!
The men of virtue shine in virtue's dress,
They glory not in dross—in tinsel less;
Their minds a store house, only known to few,
Their worth intrinsic, and their friendship true;
Behold them in their native luster bright,
Reflect resplendence and increase in light;
Their hearts are warm, their faithful hearts declare,

Their pure intentions to solace the fair.
Such men can bless the charmer of their hearts,
Their fix'd affection never once departs;
Their flame of virtue ever shall remain,
While fops and beaux may show their parts in vain.

A man of manners, and a man of worth,
Has estimated all the things of earth;
With balance justly, he has weighed them all,
And down, like trifles, he has seen them fall;
He's not content with mere external things,
From deeper mines he knows true pleasure springs.
A mind serene, an upright soul he knows,
Can only triumph over human woes;
His soul pacific, like a tranquil bay,
He lived last year as he would live to-day;
The path of riot he has seldom trod,
He learns his duty in the Book of God—
The happy nymph who weds a man like this,
Shall find her days replete with purest bliss.
A theme untouched must yet belong to you,
In strains sublime I would the theme pursue—
Ne'er let those hearts that round thy heart entwine,
Presume you never learn'd a thought divine;

Extend your thoughts, let holy visions run,
And catch new fire from the eternal throne.

Now trace all nature to the great first cause,
And tell the use of his immortal laws—
His potent word produc'd the spacious seas,
His power controls all nature as he please;
His wond'rous skill brought forth the race of man,
And bound in golden chains the social plan;
The bond of union both the sexes join'd,
And Hymen's mystic ties link'd mind to mind!
God feeds, supports, preserves the human race,
And condescends to visit them with grace;
With liberal hand compassionates the poor,
A Saviour comes, the sinner to restore;
His boundless love pervades his vast domain,
Would woo the soul when joys eternal reign.
We read in words, by inspiration giv'n,
Our never-fading crown laid up in heav'n.

Extend your thoughts, and let your thoughts arise,
And meditate the bounty of the skies;
Behold yourself a creature of a day,
Perhaps an angel now debased in clay,
And, O! that clay so wonderfully wrought,
By God created and by Jesus bought!
That handsome form, that animated frame,

The pow'r and wisdom of your God proclaim ;
Remains dependent on his bounteous hand,
For all the blessings which you now command.
His great compassion and preserving care,
Should woo thy soul to penitential pray'r.

Think not a prayer an exercise too low,
Nor blush when silent tears repentant flow ;
The ground of prayer is sacred to the good,
There Ab'ram, Moses and the prophets stood.
Immortal women on that holy ground,
Obtained a blessing and a Saviour found ;
That is the place where mortal worms receive
The stamp of fame, with their Creator live ;
The soul exalts, becomes unfeign'd, upright,
Prepares to tread the golden walks of light.

Alcinda, try to make your tomb the skies,
And write your epitaph that ever dies !
Make one your friend who never will betray,
Nor leave you sad in the distressing day—
Give him your hand, and not your heart withhold,
Who decks the bridal day with crowns of gold !
Traverse with him, wherever he may go,
Nor once forsake his great commands below ;
He'll dress you o'er in garments white and clean,

Nor spot, nor wrinkle, nor a fault be seen,
In pious virtues and in christian grace,
Thy life shall shine amidst thy kindred race;
No pious soul but would rejoice to see,
Those blissful graces center all in thee.
No loss of honor—these thy life sustain,
For now thy glory and thy wealth remain.
No disappointments can distress thy mind,
For grace commands thee here to be resign'd.

The weaker vessel now shall pass along,
Triumphant sail amid a pirate throng;
No boist'rous surge shall plunge her in the deep,
Nor dang'rous quicksands give her cause to weep—
Her sails expanded, and her port in view—
Her acclamations, and her hopes renew;
She weighs her anchor, and her perils cease,
She gains the shores of everlasting peace,
Where troubles end in lands of sweet repose,
Beholds with pleasure how she 'scap'd her woes;
She sees her treasure, as she gains the prize,
And sings her blissful fortune in the skies.

Is this Alcinda? Will she hear my song?
To her the strains of Poesy belong.
The gifts of nature and of grace combine,
To make her virtue and her beauty shine;

While thus adorn'd, I'll sing her worthy name,
And hope high heaven will record her fame.

A VISION,

Representing a view of the different parties of religion, and their conduct towards each other.

Ascending on a mountain high,
I saw the distant scene,
Extending onward to the sky,
Nor clouds to intervene.

Around the place I wond'ring stood
Arose a cooling spring,
Which ran along the shady wood,
Where birds wild anthems sing.

I tasted of the waters there,
And to my great surprise,
An instant banish'd all my care,
And quick'ned both my eyes!

I felt my inward strength increase,
And heal'd was ev'ry wound;
I felt a cure from all disease,
My sense was strong and sound.

I then beheld far off before,
A field extensive there;

I saw a thousand sheep, or more,
Along the brook repair.

I went toward that pleasant plain,
And on the margin stood,
I yet had felt no inward pain,
Nor thought of aught but good.

But here a thousand thoughts arose,
To make new pains arise;
I saw the cause of many woes—
The cause of weeping eyes.

I saw the cots and houses stand,
Thick crowded on the place,
There men abode, and gave command
To all the sheep-fold race.

A wall enclos'd this pleasant ground,
But broken look'd the wall—
'Twas first intended as the bound,
Of sheep and shepherds all.

I look'd within, and did behold,
An unsuspected scene:
Innumerous fences, new and old,
Cross to and fro the green.

In ev'ry field I saw some sheep,
And there a shepherd too;

His own he'd watch and try to keep,
And only this he'd do.

But most of all what pain'd my heart,
I heard the lambkins mourn,
In ev'ry fold there seem'd a smart,
A countenance forlorn.

They were one fold, all in one plain,
But were asunder driv'n;
And now they vent their grief and pain,
And mourn from morn till eve'n.

Tho' separated by a fence,
They lov'd their likeness still,
They told their love by instinct sense,
And mourn'd their broken will.

I saw the sheep would often try,
To push the fences down,
That they might all together lie,
And all their sorrows drown.

But shepherds, constant watching there,
Would fright them soon away;
And strong their fences would repair,
Lest they should go astray.

Another cause of grief I saw,
The shepherds disagreed;

Each had a rule and sep'rate law,
His flock along to lead.

The shepherds clamor'd—often fought,
Alarm'd their flocks so tame;
The cause of this I serious thought,
And found it to their shame.

When lambs were yean'd in this one's fold,
He'd sing the shepherds lay,
But that one then would be so bold,
He would steal the lambs away.

A sharp dispute would then ensue,
Sometimes a bloody fight,
The strongest would the theft pursue,
And boast his conquering might.

This one proclaims the wicked deed,
And shouts aloud his joy,
When he beholds his brother bleed,
Or can his peace destroy.

That one, tho' vanquish'd, threats his foe,
Returns him all the pain,
From fold to fold each one would go,
To pilfer o'er the plain.

Each shepherd mark'd his tender lambs,
And taught them what to do;

The fold were known by different names,
Aud separate pastures knew.

I saw some pastures eaten bare,
The sheep were poor and lean;
Briers and burrs were plenty there,
No herbage to be seen.

They then would try to leave their bounds,
For better pastures try,
But shepherds guarding well their grounds,
Would chase them back to die.

Long time I look'd,—I sought to find,
If I could learn the cause,
Why shepherds did such burdens bind,
And urge such rigid laws.

I understood the shepherds were
Engag'd for wages high,
They gained their bread and raiment there,
And did their wants supply.

They'd shear their flocks and keep the fleece,
And sell it out for gain,
And thus their store they did increase—
Grew pompous, proud and vain.

No wonder then, thought I, for true,
The shepherds were so mean,

Why they should keep their flocks in two,
And why their flocks so lean.

For o'er the plain I heard a sound,
The shepherds were amaz'd—
A gen'ral clamor went around,
And I astonished gaz'd!

Some men had enter'd on the plain,
Their words around me run;
They sounded loud the melting strain:
"We've come to make you one."

These men appear'd in shepherd's dress,
They bore the shepherd's rod;
They wore the garb of righteousness,
And look'd like men of God.

Some had a torch of burning flame,
To burn each fence away,
The fire confus'd and put to shame
The hirelings all the day.

Some took the sword and soon began
To make the hirelings bleed—
The hirelings muster'd all their clan,
For once they all agreed!

They chose to fight against a few,
But soon they fled away;

They were unarm'd, and cowards too,
And trembled with dismay.

Those valient men, like men of God,
Triumphant march'd along;
They burnt the fences far abroad,
Nor fear'd the threat'ning throng.

They sounded loud the message sweet,
The message from above:
"That ev'ry fold should quickly meet,
And dwell in peace and love."

The sheep from diff'rent folds began
To gather round the place,
Where they were taught to be but one,
And feed on richer grace.

A fold soon gather'd and was large,
At first the sheep were bare;
Those men, as shepherds, took the charge,
To nurse and feed them there.

The shepherds left their houses, lands,
And all on earth beside,
To tend upon this flock's demands,
And for its wants provide.

They led the sheep thro' frosts and snow,
O'er hill and dale they went,

Refresh'd them where sweet waters flow,
And thus their time they spent.

These men were often hungry, cold,
Grew weary, poor, and faint;
They took no fleece from off the fold,
Were silent in complaint.

This fold increas'd—spread o'er the green,
The sheep were fat and strong;
Then I beheld another scene,
Of something cruel, wrong.

The men who fed them shortly pin'd,
In poverty and pain,
They saw the sheep were not inclin'd,
To give them of their gain.

The faithful shepherds were but few,
The sheep would not obey;
They wanton'd on the shepherd's due,
And thus they went astray.

Ah! cruel sheep, responded I,
Ungrateful and unkind,
To see your worthy shepherds die,
For them no raiment find.

They spent their time, and money, too,
To save you from your grief,

But now they find no love from you,
To give them blest relief.

Now give your shepherds what you owe,
And then they'll lead you on;
Or else you'll soon return to woe,
Be destitute—forlorn.

EPISODE,
To the memory of Elder Joseph Nesmith of Virginia.

Let the proud muse delight herself to raise,
The names of heroes to immortal praise;
Let her record the wonders they have done,
What feats achiev'd, and battles they have won.

An humble muse shall now vibrate the lyre,
My bosom swell, and all my theme inspire
To tell the thousands—thousands yet unborn,
The heavenly virtues that my friend adorn.

My God convinc'd him in his sportive youth,
The ways of error, and the force of truth,
And turn'd the current of his mind away
From all the sins of this adult'rous day.
He cloth'd him meekly with his mantling love,
And touch'd his lips with hallowed fire above;
God gave command that he should now declare,

And far abroad the name of Jesus bear.
His mind enraptur'd with celestial views,
With meek consent the heavenly call pursues,
Apostle-like, untaught in priestly schools,
Nor fill'd with jargon, known in priestly rules;
He deals the word direct, by Jesus giv'n,
And points us out the narrow way to heav'n.
His mind capacious—richly stor'd with sense,
Sublimely soars with charming eloquence.
He paints creation in poetic strains
Describes the beauties of the flow'ry plains;
And tells the grandeur of the rising hills,
The copious rivers and the gliding rills.
Like birds of lofty wing in airy haste,
Ascending high above the world's broad waste,
To shun a storm from thund'ring skies below,
And seek a rest that none but they can know,
So he with rapt'rous wing yet more sublime,
Devoutly soars above our stormy clime,
And seems to travel in the regions where
He plucks, and wears ambrosial laurels there;
In strains seraphic he his message tells,
And like a flood his flowing bosom swells.
He seems to ope the golden gates of bliss,
To show the saints, who bask in endless peace;
He tells the glories of the eternal throne,
In transports sweet, and language all his own.

Like eagles wing their far etherial flight,
Above the meaner birds from mortal sight,
He mounts aloft on wings sublimely high,
And brings glad tidings from the upper sky.
His art is simple and his language chaste,
And all his metaphors seem rightly plac'd;
His gestures suited to the theme he tells,
From reason cool to burning rapture swells;
He pours the torrent of his soul around
On all who listen in amaze profound.
Like flowing streams increase their flow'ry sides,
And form, at least, extensive sea-like tides;
So have his flowing accents sweetly rung,
And heav'nly strains increased upon his tongue.
He seems acquainted with the human mind,
With logic and philosophy combin'd;
He shows the nature of immortal laws,
That God's the author of effect and cause;
Dead matter can't produce itself and live,
In thousand forms like we behold it thrive;
Nor could mere chance together dumb and blind,
Transform her image into Newton's mind.
And as we see all matter round us grow.
In bodies move and in the water flow,
As suns illume, and globes revolve in space,
And none can leave their orbit's destin'd place;
A pow'r must form, a pow'r divine control,

The myriad worlds that in wide ether roll;
All nature speaks, and loud declares a God,
Who form'd and rules the Universe abroad.

In him our God has humbled human pride,
In him, the christian tempers all abide;
And like resplendent jewels richly shine,
When smooth'd and polish'd from the diamond mine;
The things of earth, he would esteem as dross,
And glory only in a Saviour's cross.

The world's deceit—her clamors on his name,
Her tongue of slander, and her tongue of fame,
Can never lure this humble man of prayer,
To taste again her poison'd pleasures there;
The wealth he seeks is not of sordid dust,
Nor gold that cankers, nor the hoards that rust;
He's plac'd his treasure in the upper skies—
Eternal life is his immortal prize.
He lives by faith, by faith he sees the land,
Where faithful saints with crowns of glory stand;
A blissful portion he enjoys below,
And tastes the pleasures sinners never know.

He preaches freedom in the Saviour's name,
To cheerless captives sunk in lawless shame;
He opes the gospel like expanded gates,
Where boundless grace for starving thousands waits—

Declares the gospel is the rule of life,
The bonds of union free from war and strife ;
For church discipline 'twas by Jesus given,
To rule aud guide the high-born sons of heav'n.
His souls abhors the rage for party names,
That kindles passions into fearful flames;
And separates the fold asunder wide—
That makes the christians in their forms divide ;
He loud proclaims that christian union sweet,
Where all distinctions in one int'rest meet ;
Where useless forms and names are done away,
And saints rejoice and all together pray.

Go on my brother—preach the word of God,
May Jesus guard you in the heavenly road ;
I'll follow on, and meet you in the land,
Where we'll rejoice in one celestial band.

THE DEVIL ADVERTISED.

A busy body in the land,
Goes wand'ring up and down ;
The schemy scoundrel long has plann'd,
To gain a great renown.

I cannot give a full detail
Of features, nor his size ;

But I am told he has a tail,
A face, and ears, and eyes.

His mouth, they say, is monstrous wide,
And like a cat he claws;
A human voice, a shaggy hide,
His feet like lion's paws.

It is supposed he has two wings,
And like an eagle flies
O'er all the world, he knows all things,
And wiser than the wise.

He like an angel oft appears,
And with a lovely face,
Pretends to shed a flood of tears,
And mourns our wretched race.

He's very social and polite,
Converses free and loud,
He's busy all the day and night,
To charm and lead the crowd.

His parentage is yet unknown,
And none can tell his birth;
In his descent he was alone,
And has no kin on earth.

But tho' he's old, he's very gay,
And handsome, tall, and straight;

He courts the fair without dismay,
On them he's fond to wait.

And they are fond, tho' strange to tell,
That he should join their train;
And none can please them half so well,
Of him but few complain.

He visits them in private rooms,
And so familiar there,
That like a husband he presumes
To fondle with the fair.

He often helps them when they dress,
He makes their corset boards,
He pins their ruffles—gives caress,
Officious aid affords.

When ladies gather round their tea,
In fashionable style;
He visits there in merry glee,
And cheers them up the while.

He's foremost there in telling news,
He tattles all he knows;
And deals out slander and abuse,
Destruction on his foes.

He tries his guests to entertain,
And tells what neighbors do;

Of them he always will complain,
In slanders old and new.

He travels far from East to West,
And visits high and low,
He drives from thousands all their rest,
And fills their hearts with woe.

He boasts his courage and his skill,
In battles, blood, and fight,
How soon his thousands he can kill,
And put his foes to flight.

He loves a dram, and often drinks,
A drunkard's double share;
He staggers, swears and often sinks,
In mud and scandal there.

Ah! then he raves and storms along,
He threatens all around;
Bnt soon he feels amid the throng,
His head upon the ground.

He is a hypocrite, I say,
For I can well declare,
When saints collect to sing and pray,
I have beheld him there.

He sometimes groans, and shouts aloud,
No one so good as he;

But quickly when he leaves the crowd,
He'll wrong and slander thee.

He often fills the solemn place,
Where preachers ought to stand;
Presumes to publish heavenly grace,
To sinners o'er the land.

He is a Fatalist, you know,
His doctrine, strange to say,
Predestinates a part to woe,
And some to realms of day.

He thus deceives the heart of man,
Persuades him all is well;
And leads him in this wicked plan,
Along the road to hell.

He is a lawyer—often pleads,
The guilty must go clear,
Disputes and suits, and quarrels breeds,
Without remorse and fear.

He seems expert in all the arts,
He laughs, and he can weep;
He's always arm'd with hidden darts,
And haunts where misers sleep.

He is a liar and a cheat,
A gambler and a rake;

And with the proud he has a seat
He never will forsake.

He is a thief, and robber too,
He robb'd me of my all,
And I am left as beggars do,
Upon my knees to fall.

I can't describe the dress he wears,
He changes every day;
When for the church in black prepares,
And ruffles for the play.

His name I cannot fully tell,
I've heard them call him "Devil;"
"Old Sam," "Old Boy," an "Imp of Hell,'
"The source and root of evil."

He has a mask upon his face,
By which he's better known;
He bears the letters of disgrace,
For blackest crimes, his own.

If any one will safely bind,
And bring him to the squire,
A thousand dollars he shall find,
And more if he require.

Confine him close within some jail,
Nor let him loose again;

Sweet peace shall then o'er all prevail,
And bliss without a pain.

THOUGHTS ON THE 39TH CHAPTER OF JOB.

In wind and storm the dreadful God descends,
And speaks to Job, while Job with awe attends
His sonorous words, like ten-fold thunders sound,
Shrill thro' the air, and shake the smould'ring ground.
Presumpt'ous Job, to speak against thy God,
To murmur at my sore avenging rod.

Gird up thy loins, before my presence stand,
And answer, if thou canst, when I demand;
Look round the earth, then view the spacious sky,
What boundless wonders fill the roving eye!
No chance directed, but the works divine,
That form'd the globe, and made the planets shine.
Thou can'st not know, till I reveal to you,
How first wide nature's fields arose to view,
Trace up effects, search out the latent cause:
The first is found by universal laws,
This is the source whence all creation came,
Jehovah self-existent, God the name.

I spoke, choatic darkness fled away,
And light effulgent, form'd the coming day,

I laid creation's first foundation stone,
And rear'd the temple by my strength alone,
I roll'd confusion, and disorder far,
And hush'd forever the chaotic war,
The air I parted from the solid earth,
And fire and water form'd the living birth;
With compass vast I scrib'd an ample round,
And formed the measure of the rising ground.
I stretch afar the Equinoctial line,
The Orient light forever there to shine;
I pois'd the earth in atmospheric air,
And bade it roll within its orbit there.
From West to East I bade it fly along,
And to this motion day and night belong;
I fix'd its axis in the steady poles—
As it revolves and round its circuit rolls,
The seasons turn, to change the earth's green robe,
And bear their balmy sweets around the globe!
I furrow'd deep, and cleft its ample side,
And there the waters roll their rapid tide.
I rent her bowels—scoop'd a dreadful steep,
Where scaly monsters swim the wond'rous deep;
I clos'd the dark recess from mortal sight,
And hid her wonders in eternal night;
Tho' she may toss her waves immensely high,
And lash the summit of the lofty sky;

The furious winds may on her bosom blow,
But she can never pass her bounds below;
Her raging billows die at my command,
And spend their fury on the reeking sand;
Thus far thy flowing tide may come, I said,
And here thy proudest waves be ever staid.

I now demand of thee, and canst thou tell,
Who caused the day, and where the light doth dwell?
Who gave command for morning light to spring,
And fly abroad on universal wing?
To gild the horrors of the western skies,
Thence Ebon darkness from her chamber flies,
Where stop the cheering beams of rosy light,
That rend the curtains of the sable night?
The adoring savage sees the blazing flood,
And flies the vengeance of his guilt and blood;
Hast thou researched the bottom of the main?
Or known the place where Leviathans reign?
Did thy adventurous foot traverse the path
That leads to all her dismal gates of death?
Canst thou declare why she remains so low,
While thousand rivers in her bosom flow?
Is it her center or her bed that sinks?
That keeps her even with the flowing brinks?
Canst thou declare these strange phenomena,
And tell where all her rivers flow away?

The human heart contains the crimson flood
Where circulate a thousand streams of blood;
In the left side I placed the *ventricle*,
And marked the route, the great canal,
Where flows the blood received in thousand tubes,

To all extremes the current thus protrudes.
At the extremes of this constructed frame,
I placed the *valves* to play their constant game,
The *arteries*, hence, like copious rivers flow,
Receive their portion from the distant toe,
And pour the torrent in the trembling heart.
The living current glides thro' every heart,
The heart receives, the heart conveys away
The thousand strains that thro' the system play.

So I have placed in ocean's secret bed,
A thousand channels which are ever fed,
With copious torrents from the mother main,
Which fill forever every distant vein.
Those secret streams convey the tide away,
And burst their passage into open day.
This is the source whence all the rivers flow,
Or cooling brooks that glide the earth below;
The springs replenish from the distant main,
And find a passage, and return again!

Hast thou beheld the horrors of the gates?
Where ghastly death with his pale trophies waits!
Canst thou inform where his dread spoils are laid
In lands Elysian, or Tartarian shade?
Where groan the wicked who despised their God?
Where stay the righteous—in what blest abode?
Has this fell monster swept them all away,
And laid them level in a tomb of clay?
Have kings and beggars here together met?
Do slaves and tyrants with each other set?
Do they promiscuous in sad silence sleep.
Where none rejoice, and all forget to weep?

Do they pass on and leave their first abodes,
And rise and glow, and live in other modes?
And transmutated in a thousand forms,
Do they exist in fish, or beasts, or worms?
The sceptic mind would feign believe it true,
But truth divine I'll now reveal to you.

Tho' death may conquer in a thousand fields,
And strip the soldier of his boasted shields;
Tho' he may sweep the wide extended earth,
Of every grade, and every different birth,
And sate his sable mansions with the slain,
I'll conquer him, and let the righteous reign!
Poor coward man too oft regrets to die,
Unknown, untaught where he's destined to fly;
Great death leads forth the righteous to repose,
Where they forget this warring world of woes.
They seem to slumber till they hear the sound:
"Arise ye nations underneath the ground!"
'Tis then they'll mount on high celestial wing,
And say: "O! death, where is thy boasted sting?"
Not so the wicked—when they close their eyes,
In hopeless sorrow, and despairing cries,
Death's gloomy shade redoubles all their pains,
Their souls are anguished where grim darkness reigns;
Their conscious guilt awakes their troubled souls,
And points them where the fiercer anguish rolls.

Their dreams are frightful in their dark abode,
They fear the stroke of some avenging rod;
And when they hear the last day's trumpet sound,
They'll burst the barriers of their gloom profound,

The conscious guilt in which they left the world,
When they behold the Prince of Grace unfurled,
Shall fast increase in that terrific hour,
As he displays his justice and his power.

I'll summon death from his triumphal car,
And raise his conquered millions from afar;
The trembling monster shall no longer boast,
His blood and carnage, and his numerous host.
I'll blot his memory from the book of fame,
To cease forever in eternal shame;
I then will reign thro' all the realms abroad,
And shining millions own me for their God.

Hast thou traversed the surface of the globe,
Or seen the beauties of her verdant robe?
Hast thou beheld her far sequestered shade,
Where howling horrors and thick gloom pervade?
Didst thou ascend the mountain's lofty brow,
To view the landscape interpersed below?
Who formed the hills, or hast the mountains drawn,
And stretch'd the margin of the flowery lawn?
Who reared the rocks, projected far in air?
No human foot can ever venture there!
Hast thou beheld the wonderous scene afar,
From east to west and to the polar star!
Canst thou declare where earth's far distance ends?
Or how her circuit to the center blends?
Where is the road, point out the wonderous way
To the fair chambers of effulgent day?
Where are the floods of ever-flowing light,
That blaze resplendence on the raptured sight?

FAREWELL TO YOUTH—AN ALLEGORY.

Farewell to beauty, blooming flowers,
And all their sweet delight
To pebbly brooks and shady bowers,
And all that charm the sight.

Those blooming months are rolled away,
When songs attuned the plain;
Far fled the sweet perennial day,
That soothed the rising pain.

Cold winter now with horrid gloom,
Comes raving through the air,
And strips the earth of all her bloom,
And leaves it sad and bare!

The rural rustic nightly hears,
The Ærial storms arise;
Tumultuous noise invades his ears,
And rumbles round the skies.

The forests groan in silent night,
To warn the world of pain,
The skulking beasts in wild affright.
Scud fast along the plain.

How fair the morning of my day,
When ev'ry cloud withdrew;
Enchanting flowers allured my way,
And the soft zephyr blew.

The landscape opened far and wide,
Where every beauty grew,
And youthful pleasure's flowing tide,
Extended to my view.

Those pleasant hours I thought would stay,
The flowers forever bloom,
I little thought the rising day
Would close in sullen gloom.

But, O! the mid-day sun withdrew,
The darkling clouds came on—
The stormy winds in fury blew,
All nature looked forlorn!

The dreadful storm around the sky,
In burning lightning flew;
The bending forests gave a sigh,
And I stood trembling too.

Amid the gloom I heard a groan,
It hollow whispering said,
"The pleasures of thy youth are flown,
Thy golden dreams have fled."

I looked around with sad surprise,
And saw the plain was bare,
The flowers had faded in my eyes,
And every beauty there.

The rose had withered, and the thorn
On ev'ry briar grew;
I felt alarmed and faint, forlorn,
When far more comfort flew.

My heart was pained and full of woe,
I felt no true delight;
The howling winds remained to blow,
My day was turned to night.

Farewell to youth, to former joys,
And my companions gay;

'Tis withered age my peace destroy,
And points me to the clay.

ON SOLITUDE.

Ye silent shades I now have found ye,
Conceal me from the multitude;
Enclose your leafy wreaths around me,
Nor let a vagrant foot intrude;
Here let me drink your cooling fountains,
And hear sweet birds attune their lays,
Along the dells and rising mountains,
O, let me hear what wisdom says.

'Tis here I long have wished to wander,
Far from the noisy scenes of life;
O! give me now some time to ponder,
And live secluded from all strife;
O let me build my cottage lowly,
And spent my life's short remnant here,
And as I walk the green moss slowly,
I'll wipe away the world's cold tear.

Let others boast their carnal pleasure,
And feast on what the world contains,
I'll envy not their golden treasure,
Nor all the spoils of conquered plains;
Content with charms of nature's glory,
I'll seek no more of human pride,
Nor longer hear the fatal story,
Of those who swim her silv'ry tide.

The boasted soldier, long victorious,
All laureled over with rising fame,

Must soon be conquered—fall inglorious.
And hear no more his sounding name:
The gorgeous monarchs—pride of nations,
The lords of all the earth below;
O see them leave their pompous stations,
And down to dust and silence go.

I see the forest leaves are faded,
And all the flowery plains decay,
Like age, by foul diseases aided,
Turn pale and wither into clay;
My moments like an arrow flying,
Convey me swiftly to the ground,
Soon my friends may see me dying,
And shed their needless tears around.

The stormy winds around me roaring,
Now strip the green leaf foliage bare,
Here as I sit this life deploring,
I see death's image travel there;
What sweets, I ask, can earth afford me,
In all her pomp and airy show,
When crippled age with sorrows load me,
When death shall strike his fatal blow?

Here in a mood of gloomy sadness,
O let me think of future time;
Here let me rise in silent gladness,
While I survey your heavenly clime;
There cease those sorrows, tears and sighing,
That fill my heart with bursting grief,
There sound those songs of christians vying,
Who find salvation and relief.

ON MY OLD PEN.

Go, you scrub, and rant no more,
Rest awhile, and sleep, and snore;
End your labors and your motion,
Lest you sink in your black ocean.

Toil has made you rough and plain,
Neighbors say you give them pain,
Some declare you touch and rub them.
Ruffian-like would wound and drub them.

Once your bill was tough and long,
Dabbled much in prose and song,
Harsh has been your broken measure,
Worth few thanks and less in treasure.

Raging like the storm that blows,
Murmuring at the faults of foes,
Making loud and dreadful clatter,
About a small and trifling matter.

Need you care how others sin,
How they end or how begin?
Priests, you say, the church oppresses,
Need you feel for her distresses?

No, my sir, were you to try
Till you'd famish, starve and die—
Could you roar like Vulcan's thunders,
Still they'd hold their creeds and blunders.

Weeping, as you do in verse,
Makes your case with them the worse;
Tears provoke them up to madness,
Scorning at your gloom and sadness.

Tear the mountains all away,
Plant them in the róaring sea;
Then you may create the creature,
Form anew his every feature.

But, alas! you never can
Turn the wayward course of man,
Give yourself no further trouble,
Lest you make your sorrows double.

Let creed makers take their way,
Like the gnats that swarm and play,
Let them push their Anti courses,
Death will end their feuds and forces.

This addressed, the feather said:
Thousands wish me dumb and dead;
But their threats and constant clamors
Still increase my toils and stammers.

Now I will lay down awhile,
Cease my travel and my toil,
If I sleep I will be dreaming,
Crazy brains will still be teaming.

Rest is not designed for me,
Sleep or waked, I yet must be
Thinking, when my slumber ended,
Some will say the pen's amended.

IMPRESSIONS OF ELDER JOSEPH THOMAS.

BY J. E. BRUSH.

One beautiful Sabbath morning, in the Spring of 1835, I was one of a large audience who gathered in the chapel then known as the First Christian Church, under the pastoral care of Elder Isaac N. Walter. Presently a man dressed in white, bearing a modest, mild expression of countenance, arm in arm with the Pastor was seen to ascend the pulpit, and was introduced as Joseph Thomas, the White Pilgrim, who at once proceeded to address his numerous hearers. His preaching was in harmony with his general appearance: mild, persuasive, and evidently dictated by love for souls. I never saw a countenance more indicative of what I have ever regarded as the stamp of the spiritual than his. Of his talents as a preacher I can only speak in general terms. His oratory was of the winning and persuasive style, his knowledge of the Scriptures appeared to be remarkably good. An anecdote in point was related to me by Elder Walter. Theological controversy was at that period quite frequent. Elder Walters was several times, involved in it by ministers of other denominations assailing his position ; although planting himself in the defensive, he showed no unwillingness to defend his cause. He appeared to be in his element while engaged in debate. On one occasion, he was approached by a clergyman, who proposed to debate the question of the Trinity—three on

each side; naming himself and two others for the affirmative, leaving it to Elder Walter to name his associates. He promptly accepted the challenge, and remarked that Wm. Lane and Joseph Thomas were at hand, and would be his associates. When the Reverend gentleman heard who were to act with him, he at once reconsidered his proposition, and concluded that he would drop it, or reserve the subject for further consideration! It is needless to add that Elder Walter heard no further from his proposed antagonist. Eld. Thomas endeared himself to the people during his brief stay in our city. Wm. Hillyer, a portrait painter of much celebrity, painted his portrait, and sent it as a present to Mrs. Thomas; and on the occasion of the funeral address, by Eld. Walter, in the chapel (which was crowded,) this portrait was exhibited. Its faithfulness was generally remarked, and the audience testified their respect by a generous collection of $50 for the benefit of his family. A very correct lithograph was drawn from the portrait by Geo. W. Mathews, from which the likeness in this work was faithfully taken.

The peculiarity of his white dress undoubtedly added much to the notoriety which everywhere greeted him; though, independent of that, his excellent evangelical gift rendered his services very acceptable. Once—and only once—I heard him allude to his dress. He said in substance that he chose it because it was typical of the robes of the saints in glory; that he had found very little inconvenience in its use, and appeared to be quite contented in his choice.

LINES,

COMPOSED WHILE STANDING AT THE W. ITE PILGRIM'S GRAVE,

By Elder J. Ellis.

I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
How sweetly I sleep here alone.

The tempest may howl, and the loud thunders roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

The cause of my Saviour compelled me to roam,
I bade my companion farewell,
I left my sweet children, who for me now mourn,
In far distant regions to dwell.

I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad,
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion, and sank in the tomb,
My spirits ascended on high.

Go! tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, tho' gone;
The same hand that led me thro' scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly conducted me home.

The friends of the White Pilgrim have recently erected a most beautiful Italian Marble Monument over his grave, at Johnsonsburgh, Warren Co., New Jersey, at an expense o about one hundred dollars. The following inscription is placed upon it:—

JOSEPH THOMAS,

Minister of the Gospel of the Christian Church,

Known as the "WHITE PILGRIM," by reason of wearing white raiment. Died April 9th, 1835. Aged forty-four years, one month and two days.

WHITE PILGRIM'S MONUMENT, JOHNSONSBURG, NEW JERSEY.

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